

**México.  
El socialismo, Sí**

# NATIONAL REVIEW

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Herbert Lehman**

**Thomas E. Dewey**

**W. Averell Harriman**

**Nelson Rockefeller**

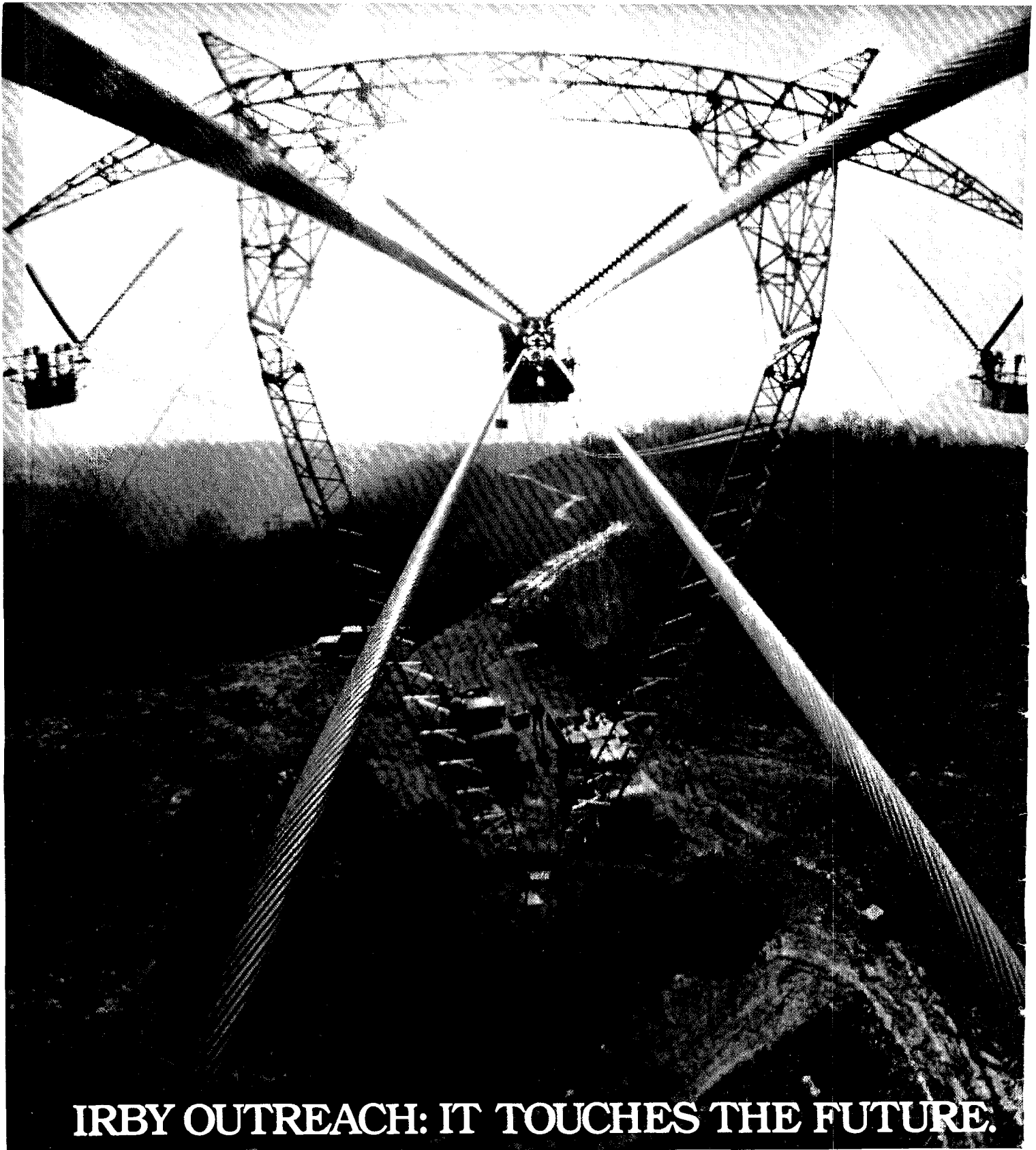
**Hugh Carey**

**Lewis Lehrman**

**...Yup. Lew Lehrman,  
says Richard Brookhiser**

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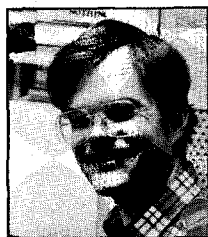
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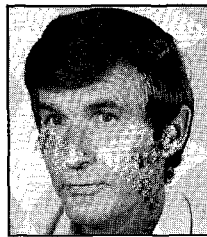
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BUCKLEY  
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## Election '82

### 1272 Supply-Siders on the Line

The year's most interesting campaign in the East sees Lewis Lehrman, businessman-turned-pol, battling Mario Cuomo to become governor of New York. (Ed Koch will stay Hizzoner.) Lehrman is stressing crime and taxes. Cuomo will focus on the standard liberal agenda, circa 1962 (he calls people who favor capital punishment "pro-death"). Got it, Mario. Meanwhile, the king of supply-siders is seeking re-election to the House from his upstate base; Daniel Patrick Moynihan ditto to the Senate.

*Richard Brookhiser*

## Articles & Columns

### 1266 Democrats Adrift

"Oh, do we miss Nixon," they're saying in Washington these days. But even Watergate couldn't go on forever.

*John McLaughlin*

### 1268 Reagan and Israel

One great obstacle to the Reagan Mideast peace plan remains. We don't have to tell you who he is.

*Brian Crozier*

### 1270 Printing-Press Money

A visit to the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, which whirrs out four billion bills per year—even more than Congress.

*Tom Bethell*

### 1279 From Bad to Worse

As we were saying (*NR*, June 11) nothing happens in Mexico until it happens. Now it has really happened. At one stroke, departing President López Portillo wiped out the pretense of Mexican democracy. The state now owns 70 per cent of business and industry, the solution for the state-wrecked economy being, as always, more statism, more sudden seizures, more anti-capitalist invective. A full-fledged Castroite regime is no longer a remote possibility.

*George Byram Lake*

### 1284 Raising Hackles in Darkest New Hampshire

Imagine a Dartmouth professor who has a picture of Pinocet on his office wall and writes that "black is boring." Right. *NR* senior editor Jeff Hart. (The third in a series of portraits of *NR* editors and columnists.)

*C. H. Simonds*

## Books Arts & Manners

### 1286 Forrest McDonald finds excellent foreign-policy

sense, along with a few minor delusions, in Jeane J. Kirkpatrick's *Dictatorships and Double Standards*. . . . Joseph Sobran wishes Robert Nisbet's *Prejudices* were less open-minded, dammit. . . . Ellen Wilson finds Robert Cord's study of the First Amendment a book ACLU members won't be giving each other for Christmas. . . . D. Keith Mano assays a Christian fable by Michel Tournier. . . . Francis Russell likes everything about Wm. F. Buckley Jr.'s latest voyage except one excruciating solecism. . . . John Simon takes up with Richard Gere where Lou Gossett left off. . . . Nika Hazelton is throwing a contest, and you're invited! . . . Priscilla L. Buckley wanders, cycles, sips her way through France.

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# Letters

## Prince in Sheepskins

I was glad to come across a well-crafted piece, "The Browning of California" [Oct. 1], that traces the current political stance of Governor Jerry Brown. While I would not argue with Mr. Brookhiser's final criticism of Governor Brown as a Democrat in a sort of sheepskin clothing, as a native Californian I am sensitive to Governor Brown's individual appeal as a candidate and to his ability to transcend the party lines.

The Medfly situation, after all, was handled with due consideration for mayors, local government officials, and the environment. Brown's wait-and-see attitude, and the unfortunate financial reverberations, may have diminished him in the public eye, but not as a state politician able to respect the viewpoint of county supervisors. Brown's statements calling for diverting money from Reagan's nuclear-weapons program to the civilian economy have a particular emphasis on a "new commitment to education," a worthy cause that is no bridge at Chappaquiddick. Yet Governor Brown basically backs the President in the larger economic scheme of things. Clearly, beyond the notion of bipartisan politics, the man is a talented politician, and his opponents will have a hard time proving otherwise.

Blair Graves  
Santa Barbara, Calif.

## Realistic Alignment?

I guess I appreciate your friendly editorial reprimand ["Say Again?" Aug. 20], but if you find my remarks unpalatable, they are mild compared to those of Thomas Molnar in the very same issue of your own magazine ["Socialism, Si; Küng, No"]. I suppose I could rest content behind Molnar's skirts, but allow me briefly to reiterate his point in my own way: The Roman Catholic Church is in the process of aligning herself—clearly, though not unreservedly—with socialism, especially the more democratic or participatory it is. This alignment seems, as Molnar says, "irreversible." Politically conservative Catholics who love capitalism more than their Church can expect to be saddled with bigger and bigger crises of conscience and faith, as the Church increasingly places the weight of her *magisterium* (teaching authority) on the side of the world's poor, East/West neutralism, trade unionism, collectivized productive property, and workers' self-management. The crises of conscience will be all the more agonizing when it is realized that this alignment has taken place *without* any long-range com-

promise with Marxist philosophy, totalitarian practices, theological modernism, sexual confusion, or moral laxity.

Understanding all this is not, as you charge, "angelistic." It is realistic.

Dale Vree  
Oakland, Calif.

*Ah, but it is angelistic to suppose that it will work. The accumulated and undeniable experience of the Industrial Revolution is that that material plenty sought by the Church for humankind is simply not achieved by economic dirigisme. The Catholic Church has often been criticized, and quite rightly so, for concerning itself almost exclusively with distribution, while neglecting production. Mr. Molnar points to trends that suggest the invincibility of Marxist thought—in a world in which Marxism, wherever it has been tried, has brought misery. The hypnotism of redistributionist nostrums will infect churchmen, but is not likely to prove lethal, inasmuch as invincible ignorance remains ignorance.*

—ED.

## Cruel Rule

Yes, lovely Grenada with its sweetly innocent people has fallen under the tyranny of the Cuban/Soviet yoke ["The Castroization of Grenada," Sept. 17]. I knew well that now benighted island; it was to be the retirement home of my husband and me. Instead, we lost several thousands of dollars' worth of property, but regard ourselves as lucky compared to our many Canadian friends who will get no compensation for homes, property, or possessions. Grenada has been crossed off the list as a stop for cruise ships, so the chief industry, tourism, is dead.

As Keith Charles states, Jamaica barely escaped the same cruel fate, no thanks to Pierre Elliott Trudeau, who gave Michael Manley \$100,000 of Canadian tax monies to help get him elected. He failed, thank God. The developments occurring in the Caribbean bode ill for America and the West.

Aileen Sivell  
Merritt Island, Fla.

## Saluting Princess Sourpuss

Last night, late, I sat under a bare 100-watt bulb in my basement nursing a disabled washing machine through its cycle and reading Auberon Waugh's "A Star Is Born" [Sept. 17]. At times like this—hurling shrieks of laughter up toward the overhead pipes—I know why I shall always subscribe to *NR*. Wit like Auberon Waugh's transcends broken Kenmores. I

# “A stunning achievement... may prove one of those rare books that actually changes the way things are.”

— Commentary

From Samuel McCracken's extraordinary review in Commentary:

It is not so easy to exculpate those who still hold to the superstitions of socialism. Whatever can be said of the status of Marxist theory, the failure — utter, consistent, and continuing — of Marxist practice is apparent to anyone with eyes to see. . . . It has not been clear why socialism should be so esteemed despite its failure and — the inevitable corollary — capitalism so despised despite its success; most observers who have found the situation troubling enough to warrant attention have confined themselves to vague speculations about the contrariness of intellectuals. Now, Michael Novak has made some progress in clearing this matter up for us, but this is only a fringe benefit of his remarkable book. For *The Spirit of Democratic Capitalism* is perhaps the first serious attempt to construct a theology of capitalism. That this very phrase rings a little strange in the ears even of sympathetic hearers testifies to the compromised reputation of democratic capitalism even among many of its friends. . . .

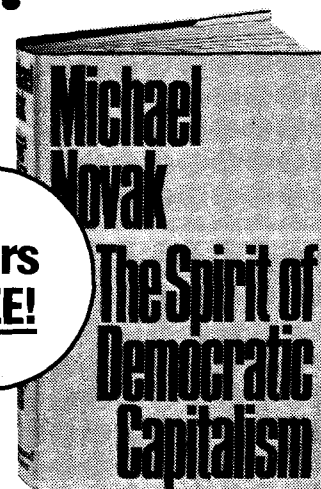
Novak rehabilitates the moral stature of democratic capitalism by showing how little it resembles the caricatures of it which pass almost everywhere as analytic descriptions. . . . Latin America did not develop largely because it did not adopt an economic system that allowed development. Moreover, the Catholic Church was originally hostile to capitalism because of conservative objections to liberalism: what the 19th-century Church attacked as “*liberalismo*” always proves upon analysis to be democratic capitalism. Ironically, the liberation theologians, opposed to the traditional hierarchy in everything else, agree with it in despising capitalism and seeing it as the author of much woe for Latin America.

And so the Church, by opposing capitalism, appears to Novak as a major cause of poverty in Latin

America. This is not an isolated instance for Novak: following a seminal study by H.R. Trevor-Roper, he traces the comparative affluence of Catholic and Protestant Europe, nearly always to the embarrassment of the former. Novak's own Church, then, becomes one of the causes of poverty in large parts of the world. . . . This is, of course, a remarkable argument to be made by a leading Catholic intellectual, particularly one who is not only a theologian but a theologian far from the fashionable fringes of theological innovation — one who, for example, seems wholly comfortable talking about God as if He undoubtedly exists and as if the universe makes the most sense if one assumes that He not only created it but takes a continuing interest in it.

. . . Novak rejects democratic socialism as firmly as he does the totalitarian variant, even though until comparatively recently he was himself a democratic socialist. His account of his own movement from Christian socialism to democratic capitalism is insightful and astringent. As a budding Catholic intellectual, he tells us, he read heavily in those European writers who saw capitalism as “protestant”: anarchic, individualistic, rejecting of tradition. He once found this position persuasive, but now believes it to have been a misguided nostalgia for village values considered in those days one of the good things about the Middle Ages. He continued to believe in socialism, as do a great many intellectuals, religious or irreligious, because its ostensible ethical system seemed so superior to that of capitalism. It took some time more for him to conclude that “the dream of democratic socialism is inferior to the dream of democratic capitalism, and that the latter's superiority in actual practice is undeniable.”

This statement might well serve as the epigraph of



the book. . . . Each of the parts of the statement is important: it is not unusual for men to believe that capitalism in practice is superior to socialism in practice, a conclusion which leaves room for the perennial and damaging belief that if only socialism were done right it would bring on the millennium. But Novak maintains — with a richness of analysis that challenges the reviewer — that socialism is also inferior to capitalism in theory. . . . Novak's most important achievement is to spell this superiority out in detail, especially in the ethical area which most intellectuals have long conceded to socialism. . . .

One need not share Novak's religious perspective on capitalism to find this book a stunning achievement, but those who have hitherto preferred socialism on religious, or indeed on purely ethical, grounds must now face an argument of immense weight — and one produced by a former fellow believer. If enough of them read it, *The Spirit of Democratic Capitalism* may prove one of those rare books that actually changes the way things are.

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was lifted, as they say hereabouts, "clean out" of my basement and was sailing Atlantic high . . .

Thank you, thank you.

*Patty Patrick  
St. Clairsville, Ohio*

## Non-Elitist Ed

You bum-rap Mayor Koch's *Playboy* interview ["The Week," Sept. 17] as having ridiculed people who have to "drive twenty miles to buy a gingham dress or a Sears Roebuck suit." In fact, when *Playboy* claimed there are "lots of . . . college-educated people who have taken pay cuts to live better lives out in the country," Koch replied: "It may be that there are hordes of people who've moved to rural America, but I'm not aware of them. Also, this is an elitist approach, and I don't include too many elitists among my friends."

Context proves Koch's words are not anti-rural, but merely asserting that a rural alternative future is foreclosed to more than an elite minority of the general population. His words in context are populist and pro-Middle America.

*George S. Swan  
Wilmington, Del.*

## Bethell Blasted

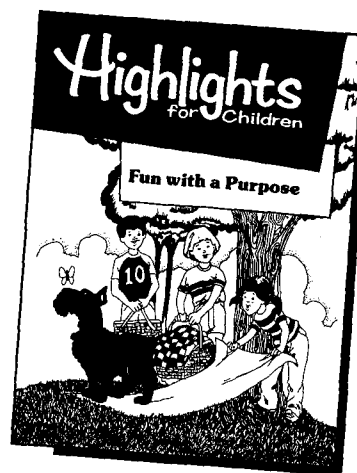
I would like to respond to a few points that were expressed, or implied, in "Taxes and GNP," by Tom Bethell [Sept. 17].

*Civil Servants:* Bethell posits that ". . . a new civil servant is hired and is paid, oh, \$30,000 a year, in the course of which he produces several memoranda—or simply gives advice." Typically, a new civil servant is hired for a professional-level job at GS-5, which pays \$12,854 per year. A few "civil servants" might be able to perform to the satisfaction of their bosses by producing "several memoranda" in a year, but I suspect that most of them are political appointees, rather than career civil servants. Many civil servants work more than eight hours per day, for eight hours' pay, and some of them take great personal risks. This is especially true of those who engage in law enforcement or "whistle blowing."

*Defense:* Mr. Bethell also states that ". . . [the defense budget] is quite a small percentage of government spending these days." I fail to see how any reasonable person could characterize the defense budget as "quite a small percentage of government spending." While I advocate a strong national defense as much as anyone, I cannot forget such things as 1) Dwight Eisenhower's warning against the "military-industrial complex"; 2) the C-5A scandal; and 3) the new main battle tank that would run only about an hour before breaking down.

*Production:* Mr. Bethell seems to feel that civil servants do not engage in productive activities because most of their

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work is in the area of "services." But he fails to note that most Americans in the private sector now work in the area of "services" rather than "production."

*Economic Theories v. Management:* It appears that Mr. Bethell believes that a particular economic theory will solve our economic problems. I submit that economic theories will not solve our economic problems, because the ultimate cause of our wretched economic condition is the failure of American management to manage wisely and effectively. The leaders of our country should stop wasting their time and our taxes by endlessly debating economic theory, and start taking lessons in management from the leaders of Japan. Mr. Bethell might benefit by doing the same.

James W. Clark  
Mobile, Ala.

### Almighty Income Tax

Although the statement was merely perfunctory, your assertion that God Almighty required 10 per cent of our income and that at a flat rate ["The Week," Sept. 3] is not in fact true to Scripture. The purpose of tithing is of course not to pay back to God some sort of "divine income tax," but to set aside money we have been given

by "Him who supplies seed to the sower" in acknowledgment of the fact that the whole of our income is His and from Him. The Holy Spirit therefore clearly directs the Christian through the Apostle Paul to "put aside and save as he may prosper on the first day of every week" (I Cor. 16:2). Paul particularly lauds the generosity of the Macedonians who gave "according to their ability and beyond their ability of their own accord" (II Cor. 8:3). Finally, to tithe a strict 10 per cent rather than using this level as a minimum is to ignore the overriding issue: "He who sows sparingly shall also reap sparingly, and he who sows bountifully will also reap bountifully" (II Cor. 9:6). None of this is meant to imply by any stretch of the imagination that Scripture or the Almighty endorses a progressive federal income-tax structure.

John I. Maynard  
Amarillo, Tex.

### Objecting to Assumptions

"Registering and Voting" ["The Week," Sept. 17] says about young men who have not registered for the draft: "Because they have evaded the obligations of citizenship, they should also lose one of its principal privileges."



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—William F. Buckley, Jr.

## Prejudices

### A Philosophical Dictionary

Robert Nisbet

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The first part of that sentence is very interesting. It's based on these assumptions: 1) to firmly *believe* in the beauty, glory, and sanctity of war is an obligation of citizenship; 2) to vigorously and joyously *participate* in war is an obligation of citizenship; and 3) to *support*, obediently and without question, official American foreign policy, including the vicious bullying by America of other countries, is an obligation of citizenship.

None of these is an "obligation of citizenship."

Henry Baker  
Denver, Colo.

*Mr. Baker (deliberately?) confuses the feelings of enthusiastic soldiers (in items 1 and 2) and the expectations of self-righteous policymakers (in item 3) with the philosophical assumptions on which the draft is based. A less whimsical but more accurate account of those assumptions might go: It is the duty of the citizen to help defend his country's national interest. If he disagrees with his government's judgment as to how to do so, he will, even while trying to alter its judgment, comply with its laws and its orders. And he can do it as grumpily and unjoyously as he wants.* —LB

### A Camelot Court?

Pardon me, but has Mr. Hardy ["Letters," Sept. 3] not missed the point? At issue in evaluating a Supreme Court decision is not necessarily the conservative or liberal bias, but the propriety of the "unfortunate" decision. Majority opinions issued in the illegal-alien education case cited benefits accruing to the state of Texas and the nation as the basis for the Court's decision. Justice O'Connor, however, keenly observed that the opinions and the decision have no basis in the law. When the Supreme Court issued a decision based on its opinion as to what is good for Texas, it usurped the powers of that state's legislature.

I've been led to believe, but perhaps it is merely racial memory of an American Camelot, that the judicial branch of government is constrained by law to confine itself to judicial, rather than legislative functions. Oh for a Gawain, a Lancelot, a Jefferson.

Kevin Embree  
Portland, Ore.

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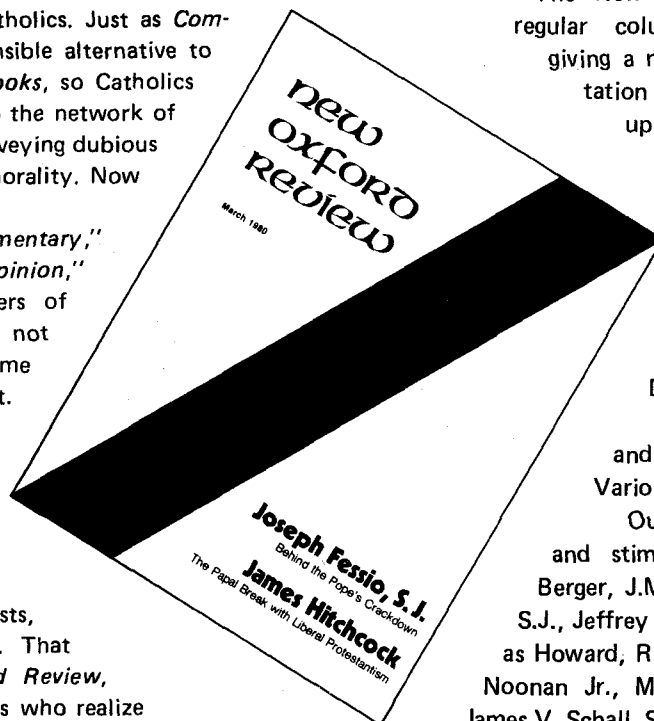
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# FOR THE RECORD

■ Frustrated Democratic candidates have been laying off **Reagan** himself. Question: Should they also lay off Reaganomics? Two indications that President is not blamed for present state of the economy: 1) August poll of "institutional decision-makers" released by **Bache** shows they place blame in this order: on past Congresses (87.7 per cent), past Presidents (41), present Congress (27.4), past Federal Reserve Boards (24), and, finally, on Ronald Reagan —6 per cent. 2) Mid-September *Los Angeles Times* poll on who's responsible for the state of the economy brought this response, in order: OPEC, Japan, Congress, business, labor, Federal Reserve, Democratic Party, **Jimmy Carter**, Ronald Reagan. . . . Of interest to **Jerry Falwell** et al.: How dangerous does the general public perceive the Moral Majority to be? Not very. Seventy per cent of those questioned in *Washington Post*/NBC poll didn't even know what it was.

■ With four weeks to go, it's a toss-up in California and Virginia, two states in which the incumbent senators (**Hayakawa** and **Byrd**) are retiring; but Republican **Millicent Fenwick** leads in the third, New Jersey. . . . In other senatorial races, **Melcher** (D., Mont.), **Weicker** (R., Conn.), and **Hatch** (R., Utah) could be in trouble; as are Democratic Sens. **Cannon** (Nev.) and possibly **Stennis** (Miss.), because of age. . . . Republican veteran Sen. **Robert Stafford**, who has voted pro-labor for the past decade, got it in the gizzard last week when Vermont Labor Council voted to support his opponent, **James Guest**. . . . In Conn., the AFL-CIO as much as repudiated its loyal supporter Lowell Weicker by refusing to endorse either candidate in that race. Weicker leads **Toby Moffett** by 1 percentage point, with Conservative **Lucien DeFa-**



Shailo, *Daily Telegraph*

Rothco

"As a chronic debtor, I suggest you try the IMF."

zio getting 5 per cent. . . . **Ralph Nader** blew into Hartford last week and landed one on Moffett, a former Nader Raider, calling him "an Eastern edition of [Sen.] **Gary Hart**," the former **McGovern** campaign manager who, like **Pat Moynihan**, talks moderate these days and votes the liberal line (ADA 95 per cent; ACA, 17). . . . In Mass., **Ray Shamie** will finally get that debate with **Teddy Kennedy**. Shamie has been offering \$10,000 to anyone who could get Kennedy to the podium: reward goes to a Kennedy charity, the **Cardinal Cushing** school for handicapped children. . . . Quips: When San Diego Mayor **Pete Wilson**, whose lead over **Jerry Brown** is now down to four points, was asked if he wanted **James Watt** to come in and campaign for him, he replied: "Only if he comes disguised as a whale or a porpoise." . . . In New York, defeated Democratic gubernatorial candidate **Ed Koch** had this advice to offer two sanitation-men union officers vying

for top job: "If *Playboy* magazine calls, don't answer the phone." . . . **Gordon Black**, the only New York pollster who hit that primary right, had **Mario Cuomo** one percentage point ahead of **Lew Lehrman** in a pre-primary face-off. . . . In Maryland, **Larry Hogan**, running against super-liberal Sen. **Paul Sarbanes**, has hired former Voice of America exec **Phil Nicolaides** as communications director. Hogan got big *Washington Post* story recently.

■ People: **Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn** has cabled the Nobel Prize Committee in Oslo nominating **Lech Walesa** for this year's Peace Prize. . . . Conservative talk-show host **Barry Farber** has new national syndicated television program (Twentieth Century-Fox). First program, on nuclear freeze, featured **John Anderson** and **Helen Caldecott** v. **Phyllis Schlafly** and **Charles Wiley**. . . . **William Greider**, who wrote famous **David Stockman** interview in *Harper's*, now regular columnist for *Rolling Stone*, complains that Reagan has gotten too good a press. . . . **Harry Bridges**, fellow-traveling former boss of the West Coast longshoremen, says there are no Vietnamese slave-laborers working on the Siberian pipeline. Any Vietnamese working there, says Bridges, "came to the Soviet Union of his or her own goodwill [sic] and is working under the same conditions as Soviet workers."

■ The wonderful world of the UN. Monday, Venezuelan Foreign Minister **Zambrano Velasco** says Venezuela has had enough of U.S. colonialism and urges the independence of Puerto Rico. On Tuesday, Señor **Zambrano Velasco** announces that Venezuela now considers itself a member of 95-state Third World bloc, which he hopes will support its claim to fifty thousand square miles of Guyana.

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# THE WEEK

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■ His readiness to throw the Holocaust at his critics, writes Walter Goodman in *Newsweek*, "is not Begin's most endearing trait." Oh. But what *is* Begin's most endearing trait?

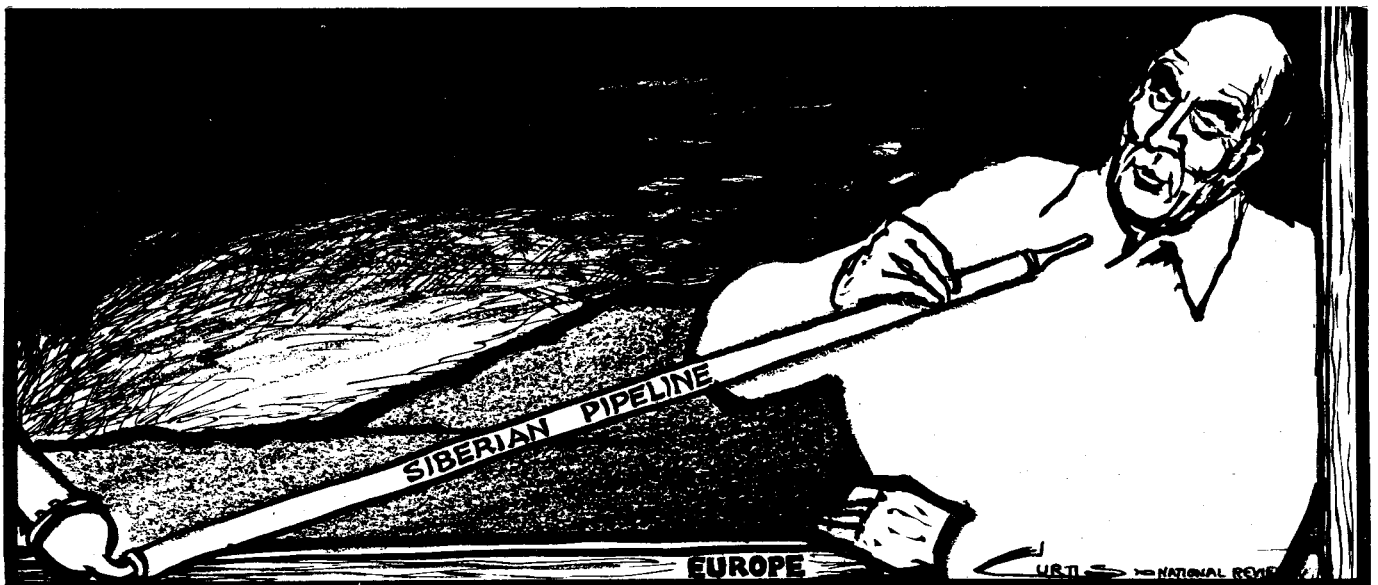
■ Meanwhile, Senator Kennedy's fading presidential hopes took a slight turn for the better when Jimmy Carter told a university audience he didn't see how he could support Teddy in '84.

■ Senator Moynihan had a good day September 23, as a Senate filibuster (aided by his vote) stopped school prayer dead in its tracks, and New York's Democrats chose him, by 84 to 16 per cent, over a candidate who recently led the U.S. Labor Party. "We have beaten back the radical Right," the Senator exulted. "We beat them on the floor of the Senate today, and we beat them in the ballot box tonight." Shhh. Don't tell anyone that a) the U.S. Labor Party has nothing to do with the Right, radical or otherwise, or b) school prayer isn't a radical cause, or c) Senator Moynihan himself has written for such right-wing journals as *The Public Interest* and . . . you-know-what. We can't wait till November 2, when the silly season finally ends and the good (though not sainted) Senator will resume talking like the sage and sensible man G-d meant him to be.

■ Years after the Warren Court discovered that criminals have rights, Congress appears on the threshold of an equally breathtaking discovery. In mid-Septem-

ber, the Senate unanimously passed a bill to give the *victims* of federal crimes rights to reimbursement and protection. The bill—the Omnibus Victims Protection Act—would permit courts to order defendants to make restitution to victims, or their estates, in federal crimes involving death, injury, or loss of property. Part of the bill's charm is that it demonstrates the same concern for the victim of a crime as environmental legislation does for the furbish lousewort: the bill requires that, prior to sentencing a defendant, the judge receive a "victim impact statement" outlining the financial, social, psychological, and medical effects of the crime upon the victim. Although the bill will pertain only to crimes in the federal domain, it will undoubtedly serve as a guide to states and localities, where most violent crime is handled. Senator John Heinz (R., Pa.), its sponsor, hopes to have it passed and signed into law before Congress adjourns this month.

■ To one *New York Times* Sunday book reviewer, the message in a new volume of short stories—*The Burning House*, by Ann Beattie—is that characters coming out of the Sixties are miserable because of a radical *weightlessness*: "There are no longer any ties that bind, not securely, not definitively: jobs, marriages, the commitments of love, even the status of parent or child—all are in a state of flux. Thus everything is provisional, to be re-invented tomorrow . . ." Well, maybe; but then we turn to the next item in the afore-said organ, a review of Robert Nisbet's new book, *Prejudices: A Philosophical Dictionary* (see also page 1288 of this issue) to which the reviewer objects that Nisbet "is inclined to romanticize the traditional communal order from which we have supposedly been uprooted. A life dominated by locality, guild, and family is, after all, a life of provincialism, dull routine, and petty oppression," etc. Well, well. No doubt there *is* something in between weightless vertigo and the life



## LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

It's time to hunker down and lie low over at the White House and, indeed, throughout the Executive Branch. Ronald Reagan is on a tear over leaks. Ever since he became President, Reagan's chief annoyance—as he has made clear often and publicly, notably to Barbara Walters as early as last Thanksgiving in a TV interview at the ranch—has been staff leaks to the press: leaks about his policies, programs, and (real or imagined) strategies.

Over the weekend of September 25, the Reagan burn went from slow to fast. The *New York Times* published a front-page story to the effect that White House advisors had decided (with the President's concurrence, presumably) to shift his upcoming stump strategy so as to downplay abortion and other social issues, since such issues, according to the advisors, do not have nationwide voter drawing power.

The President's annoyance mirrored that of his Cabinet officers (especially Messrs. Shultz, Regan, and Donovan, and National Security Advisor Clark), who, at a recent breakfast meeting, presented their grievances over leaks, especially the backstabbing variety, to Ed Meese. Ray Donovan was mightily upset about the leaked story that despite two explicit clearances by a special pros-

ecutor he still enjoys little influence at the White House, as evidenced by the fact that his nominees for federal judgeships were disdained by Justice in favor of other New Jerseyites. Meese agreed to try to stop the leaks, or at least reduce their volume, and to that end has been quietly putting together an administrative apparatus that, we hear, will need to match the locks of the Panama Canal in bulk and retaining power. Leaks are common to every White House, but in the Reagan operation they are in full flood.

The prime offender and most artful of the leakers, say White House staffers, is the Director of Communications himself, David Gergen, a lawyer by training and a tireless worker, who also served Richard Nixon and Gerald Ford. (Robert Hartmann, Ford's speechwriter and good friend, spilled very black ink on Gergen in his *Palace Politics: Inside Account of the Ford Years*, a litany of the same kinds of intrigues that staffers fault Gergen with now.)

If Gergen's star does set (as now appears likely, Gergen having signaled as much himself at a recent media breakfast), it will be not only because Gergen leaks to the press, but also because he is to the left of Reagan ideologically, and, more important, because the White House marketing operation—the selling of the President's ideas and pro-

grams—over which Gergen presides, has fallen far short of its goals.

■ Veteran Republican Congressman Ed Derwinski (Ill.) will not be heading up VOA, as predicted here earlier. *Reader's Digest* senior editor Kenneth Tomlinson got the job. The USIA director, Charles Wick, wanted a VOA head a) with journalistic background and b) right away. Derwinski, who lost his primary contest, will not be available till year's end, but at that time will fill a top slot at State or Commerce, where his experience with foreign policy and trade, his appeal to ethnic Americans, and his proven conservative loyalty will all stand him and Mr. Reagan in good stead.

■ The USIA, by the way, after a brief stint as the ICA, has been mercifully rechristened with its old/new name, United States Information Agency. Jimmy Carter, in an excursion into va-pidity, had renamed it the International Communications Agency. But the Agency's apophthegm, "Telling America's Story to the World," expunged by Carter as "propagandistic," has not been remounted on the USIA's headquarters at 18th and Pennsylvania. It should be. What better way to state the difference between the liberal and the conservative? —CATO

of a kulak, which Mr. Nisbet knows as well as anybody in this country. But sometimes the vertigo is strongest after reading the *Times Book Review*.

■ NBC's generally excellent documentary "The Man Who Shot the Pope" ended on a slightly sour note when the narrator, Marvin Kalb, reminded us that this assassination business didn't start with the wounding of John Paul II: there had been, after all, CIA plotting against Fidel Castro. Kalb scrupulously noted qualitative differences, to be sure, but he might have looked further back, to the defenestration of Jan Masaryk in Czechoslovakia in 1948. The Soviets didn't learn this game from anyone else.

■ In Saudi Arabia, Yasir Arafat addressed a crowd of two thousand welcomers, all of whom deplored the Beirut massacre. Idi Amin was among the two thousand, and he still can't figure out how you could kill that many people without crocodiles.

■ Taking sides in the Begin-Vatican brawl over Pope John Paul II's meeting with Yasir Arafat, *The New Republic* repeats an old canard: "The indifference of

Pius XII to the extermination of the Jews has been incontrovertibly documented." There *is* incontrovertible documentation; but it goes to show that, so far from being indifferent to Hitler's slaughter of the Jews, the Pope, and the Catholic Church, opposed it by word and deed. *Item.* Pius XII's Christmas message of 1942, appealing on behalf of "hundreds of thousands of persons who, sometimes only because of their nationality or race, have been consigned to death"—a message hailed by the *New York Times* as "a lonely voice crying out in the shame of a continent." *Item.* An open telegram, from Pius XII to Admiral Horthy, in June 1944, interceding for Hungarian Jews. *Item.* A letter to President Tiso of Slovakia, a priest, protesting crimes committed against people "on account of their nationality or race." *Item.* Thousands of forged baptismal certificates issued to Jews; thousands of Jews hidden by priests, nuns, and laymen; the public acknowledgment of these good works by the Chief Rabbi of Rumania and the Grand Rabbi of Jerusalem. *Item.* Out of one million European Jews who survived the Holocaust, more than 80 per cent, according to Israeli historian Pinchas Lapide, owed their lives to Catholic rescue efforts. Go ahead and

## While England Slept

*Jane's Fighting Ships*, which tells us how  
Each nation's navy's doing now  
By listing every ship that floats,  
In its most recent issue notes  
The U.S. Navy's done a dive  
To Britain's strength in '35.

W. H. VON DREELE

criticize the political judgment of John Paul II—or Pius XII, or St. Paul—but please, no need for anti-historical slanders.

■ U.S.-educated Sadegh Ghotbzadeh became, during his exile in France for opposing the Shah, the myrmidon of the banished Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini. Upon the Shah's downfall, Ghotbzadeh allegedly was the conduit for KGB bankrolling of Khomeini's triumphal repatriation. As Iran's foreign minister under Khomeini, he secretly deplored the hostage captivity but had no plan for ending it beyond a surreptitious and spurned suggestion that the CIA quietly murder the derelict Shah. Rejected as an aspirant to the Iranian presidency, Ghotbzadeh ostensibly renounced political ambition for religious contemplation. Seized for plotting rebellion, he virtually confessed judgment and now, at age 46, has gone to the wall. His smuggled valedictory: "I saw the light and tried as best I could to undo the damage I had done . . . in supporting the satanic regime of the mullahs."

■ A lot of people have been sniggering over the latest *Reader's Digest* project, a condensation of the Bible. Oh, how middle-brow. Yet the Bible is the best-selling but not necessarily best-read book. It is more honored on the shelf than in reflection. To create the present condensed version took seven years. The text adopted was that of the Revised Standard Version of 1971, and the condensation amounts to some 450,000 words, about 60 per cent of the original. The Revised Standard Version has resisted most of the barbarities you find in some other modern translations. You still find in it "The Lord is my Shepherd . . ." You still find "If I speak in the tongues of men and of angels . . ." The condensed version contains all the books included in the Revised Standard Version, and in their traditional order. Redundancies, word repetitions, some genealogies, etc., have been carefully excised. There are no verbal or theological novelties. A fine project, we think, and one that is likely to make the central book of Western civilization accessible to a still wider audience.

■ Israeli archaeologists have uncovered, in Jerusalem, a royal office destroyed 2,568 years ago. In the ruins

were the official seals of numerous bureaucrats and documents stamped with as many as ten or 12 different seals. There it is, icy proof that bureaucrats have done nothing but create red tape and write each other memos all these years.

■ UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIALS DEPT. Hamilton Jordan in *Newsweek*: "No one had more influence on Carter than Mondale . . ."

■ Since the Beirut massacre, the *New York Times* has run about fifty ads, petitions, and letters to the editor announcing that "we cannot be silent" and signed by people, e.g., Daniel Bell and Irving Howe, about whom that was never in question.

## The Middle East

### I. The Killings

We must, for starters, acknowledge the context. Massacres are not unheard of in wartime, particularly in protracted struggles. Many of the Phalangist soldiers who went into the camps came from three Christian villages that had been rubbed out by the PLO; all the Phalangists were smarting from the murder of President-elect Bashir Gemayel, a fellow Phalangist.

We must also discount the reactions of those who have no moral standing to comment. The Arab world has never been notable for its condemnations of terrorism, so long as it is someone else's ox that is getting gored. Yasir Arafat, whose victims include weightlifters and schoolchildren, got a tremendous PR windfall from the whole affair, and knows it; he was positively elated in his appearance on *60 Minutes* after the carnage. The Soviet Union, which blamed the whole thing on America, can shut up.

All this having been said, it was the responsibility of Israel, as the occupying power, to guarantee the safety of the citizens within its purview. To let armed men with blood grudges loose in the camps of their enemies was at least incredible folly. The response of the Israeli army appears to have been unacceptably tardy. Israel should identify the negligent and the culpable, just as the United States did after Mylai.

### II. The Reaction

American opinion, historically sympathetic to Israel, has not dwelt on these distinctions. There is no wishing the new mood away. When even William Safire, Begin's staunchest supporter in the American press, calls for Defense Minister Sharon's resignation, a sea-change has occurred.

Defenders of Israel complain of a double standard, perhaps attributable to antisemitism. What has actu-

ally happened is that Israel has lost its exemption—earned for historical reasons—from the double standard routinely applied by liberals to America and its allies.

### III. Our Policy

Now, while we are in danger of swinging from one sentimentality to another, is the moment to put our thinking on the Middle East in order.

Israel is an island in a sea of terrorists and on-again-off-again Soviet hit men (whatever else it accomplished, the Lebanon invasion shut down one of the main international campuses of Terrorist U.). Israel is the most competent military power in the region. Israel, finally, is the only Middle Eastern country on whose friendship we can absolutely rely. These are not assets to be cast aside.

Relations with the Arabs, until such time as the rest of them have a change of heart as Egypt did, will continue to be complicated by our refusal to abandon Israel. But the Arabs can live with it. The stakes are too high for them to turn absolutely against us. The Saudis, disposing of an army that could be overwhelmed in about a week, sit atop one of the most coveted resources in the world. Who needs whom?

As far as the Palestinians are concerned, Begin has quite simply reneged on Camp David. The question is not whether Israel can tolerate a Palestinian state on its borders, but whether it wants a Northern Ireland within its borders. The Reagan plan for resolving this issue is a good one.

For centuries, armies have swept back and forth across the Middle East. The prize was the underbelly of two continents, the spigot of two seas. Our main interest in the region is to keep the armies of the Soviets and their stooges out. Reagan's Middle East strategy, as enounced early in his term, envisioned a working coalition of anti-Soviet states. The operative word here is "working." Our allies don't have to like each other; they may not even talk to each other. All we, and they, have to do is do the job.

### Signs of an Upswing

The "leading indicators," those economic signs that are thought to foreshadow coming trends a few months in advance, are still not buoyant. It is notable, however, that three of what one might call "super-leading indicators," factors that augur economic success for years and even decades to come, are stronger than they have been in a very long time. It is even more notable that these three indicators have also made solid advances in Great Britain, where not too long ago observers were writing off the Thatcher experiment as a failure.

One of these indicators is the strength of the cur-

rency. The transitory effect a strong dollar has on foreign trade (harming exports and encouraging imports) tends to draw attention away from its highly desirable long-term role in restoring international confidence. Both the dollar and the pound are now less like the Argentine peso, a currency no one would consent to hold for one day longer than necessary, and more like the Swiss franc.

A second indicator is productivity. One of the untold stories of the past two years is the upsurge in productivity that began in mid-1980, after two years of disastrous atrophy, and has continued to the present day. Last year the productivity resurgence was led by, of all industries, steel and autos, with a 9 per cent and a 5 per cent advance respectively (according to the Bureau of Labor Statistics). In Britain, too, there have been big gains, suggesting that Britain's economic malaise in recent decades was due not to the laziness of its workers or the incompetence of its management, as has often been claimed, but to the disincentives that both groups formerly faced.

The third indicator is the health of the corporate-bond market, a sensitive barometer not only of expected future inflation and interest rates but of overall business solvency and "crowding out" by government borrowing. As the *Wall Street Journal* points out, bond prices are an unusually reliable indicator of coming economic trends, more so than any of the official leading indicators. Bond prices have been surging lately, after five years of steady decline that had threatened to choke off corporate long-term borrowing entirely. Across the Atlantic, in Britain, where the bond market has long been as dead as the local movie industry, things are beginning to revive, and a few firms are beginning to venture into the market with new offerings.

### Income Distribution And the NFL Strike

The liberal Left is usually thought of as a strong supporter of unionism, and also of egalitarianism and income leveling. The National Football League players' strike is a good example of how those two impulses can conflict.

Economists agree that it is the fans, not the owners, who pay the salaries of sports players in the long run. In the old days fans did so by buying tickets at the stadium; nowadays they buy the goods advertised during the televised games. The average fan of televised football is a very fair approximation of the average male American, with a correspondingly average level of wealth and income. The average pro football player, on the other hand, could hardly be more atypical in economic status. Although his high salary may last only a few years, he is well placed to

make the leap into a pleasant and remunerative lifetime slot as a real-estate agent, insurance agent, or used-car dealer. Factored into this high average income, and dragging it up toward the financial ionosphere, are the top players with their six-figure salaries and their chances for shaving-cream endorsements and, eventually, roles in B movies.

The players' union promises to redistribute income from the first and poorer class of fans to the second and richer class of players. At the same time, in seeming (but not real) contradiction, it promises to help equalize the various incomes of the players themselves, thus redistributing income from the outright rich to the merely well-to-do. This second objective has lent some plausibility to the idea that unions are organized not so much against employers and consumers as against their own most talented members. It has also given the union a "progressive" aura that has helped it win the sympathies of the Ed Asners of the world.

To be sure, liberals have often in the past supported affluent unions against not so affluent consumers. The arch-liberal union of them all is the United Auto Workers, which until Japanese realities intervened was much more moneyed than average car buyers. In the case of the players' union, the redistribution is from both rich and middle-class to a small but well-organized upper-middle-class contingent—which, come to think of it, is pretty much the way liberal politics generally tends to work in practice.

## Learning From The Cuban Missile Crisis

As six high functionaries of the Kennedy Administration—namely George W. Ball, McGeorge Bundy, Roswell L. Gilpatric, Robert McNamara, Dean Rusk, and Theodore Sorensen—recollect in a *Time* essay on lessons of the 1962 Cuban missile crisis, "No one of us ever reviewed the nuclear balance for comfort in those hard weeks." Their conclusion: "The decisive military element . . . was our clearly available and applicable superiority in conventional weapons within the area. . . . American nuclear superiority was not in our view a critical factor. . . . *The Cuban missile crisis illustrates not the significance but the insignificance of nuclear superiority in the face of survivable thermonuclear retaliatory forces.* . . ." The nuclear-freeze movement may well find lyrics for its marching songs in that paean to minimal deterrence. Less gullible minds are prompted to doubt.

For one thing, the other side's view was a critical consideration, too—and so remains. Whether and precisely how the Soviet Union's decision-makers sized up the nuclear balance at that moment can only be conjectured, for the Kremlin keeps its secrets well. What is manifest is that from that juncture on the

## Olof Palme Returns

No, not like Louis XVIII  
And not like Charles the Second,  
Nor has he, like MacArthur,  
Returned as soldiers beckoned.  
He doesn't fight like Siegfried  
Or sing like France's Roland.  
He's back to help make Sweden  
A little more like Poland.

W. H. VON DREELE

Soviet Union has persevered in compounding nuclear military strength. The trouble with theories of minimal deterrence is that their validity depends on reciprocal acceptance. There is no showing whatever of acceptance on the Soviet side. The evidence is all the other way.

One other point: when two concurrent factors conduce to the same result and that result materializes, it is logically fallacious to credit one and discount the other, as the six former officials do. Paul H. Nitze, a key insider in the 1962 crisis, put the matter in proportion when he debated Bundy before the American Society of Newspaper Editors a while back:

"What was the cutting edge of our success in the missile crisis—was it that we dominated the seas around Cuba or was it our nuclear predominance? We dominated in both circumstances. The Russians and the Cubans didn't have a chance in the waters around Cuba. They couldn't escalate to a nuclear war because we had clear nuclear predominance." The central strategic importance of the integrality of those two factors was surely affirmed by the late Dean Acheson and John McCone. A check among other policy insiders in that famous episode, such as Douglas Dillon Jr., U. Alexis Johnson, Harry Rowen, Seymour Weiss, and Elmo Zumwalt, elicits the same affirmation—along with astonishment at the allegation that assured nuclear preponderance was not taken into account by our side at the time.

## Polonius's Revenge

When borrowers fall, lenders stumble. With the crunch in Mexico following on the crunch in Poland, and huge debts looming ominously in other Third World and Communist countries, many American banks have, or anticipate, bruised shins.

Why did they loan so prodigally?

1. Some of the loans, of course, seem prodigal only in retrospect. Mexico, floating on an ocean of oil in the midst of one of the great seller's markets in history looked like a sure thing. How could even Mexican corruption and mismanagement bleed away such

riches? (See "From Bad to Worse," page 1279.) In the event, it could and did. But that's one of the risks of the banking business.

2. U.S. law requires national banks (that is, banks chartered by the Federal Government) to lend no more than 10 per cent of their capital (and surplus) to any single borrower. But the answer to the question, What is "a" borrower? is traditionally construed narrowly by the Controller of the Currency. Hence a bank can legally lend one 10 per cent chunk of itself to the Mexican government, another 10 to a state-run industry such as Pemex, a third 10 to yet another company . . . ¡Viva Mexico! ¡Viva la Revolución! Meanwhile, state-chartered banks typically enjoy more expansive loan limits than national banks.

3. A relatively small share of private bank loans are federally guaranteed (the Commodity Credit Corporation, for example, guaranteed the financing of American wheat exports to Poland—guarantees that are now being called in). The government, though, can also offer less tangible encouragements. During the Kissinger years, when it was American policy to dangle economic carrots before the satellite nations of Eastern Europe, the government helped, in numerous ways, to grease the wheels. Bankers responded to the political signals.

4. The general climate for Third World lending, apart from any specific considerations, looked good. The loan-loss ratio of investment abroad was better than it was at home. That ratio, naturally, will adjust itself to reflect the current upheavals. Which is nothing more than an economist's way of saying that it has been a learning experience.

5. So long as Washington lets it be a learning experience. There is a crystallizing assumption that, while American citizens who make small or medium-sized economic blunders must pay the consequences, those who commit true whoppers will be bailed out (cf. Chrysler and, in a different context, New York City). The government has an obligation, all but the most deep-dyed anarchists would concede, to prevent a systemic collapse of the nation's banks. It has no obligation to save the odd loser. Even large ones.

## Seeing in the Rain

What to do? The first-hand testimony of countless refugees is dismissed as biased and self-serving; the evidence supplied by doctors treating the refugees is labeled inconclusive and circumstantial. Until the Soviets oblige us by bringing Western journalists along on one of their chemical warfare bombing missions in Laos, Cambodia, or Afghanistan, most Western journalists will probably continue to reserve judgment on whether the Soviets are sprinkling the Asian countryside and its people with various chemical weapons. But the defection of 19-year-old Anatoly Sakharov

from the Soviet army to a band of Afghan freedom fighters has prompted at least one Western reporter to break ranks. In a tape-recorded interview with Western media, Sakharov, among other things, declared that the Soviets are using lethal chemical weapons against the Afghans and reported seeing caches of the weapons in two of the four major Soviet air bases in Afghanistan. He also told of a Soviet helicopter pilot who was instructed to have his crew put on their gas masks before going in pursuit of resistance fighters who attacked a Soviet convoy.

The *New York Times* lavished a princely two column-inches on the Sakharov story. The *Washington Post* did better, devoting over twenty column-inches to the story and providing details on the grisly effects of the Soviets' yellow rain on their victims. The *Post*, however, distanced itself from the story, noting that Sakharov had (unlike, say, John Dean?) something to gain by leveling these charges.

Sakharov's story does, however, seem to have persuaded *Christian Science Monitor* reporter Edward Girardet. After recounting Sakharov's charges, Girardet drew his conclusion: "During assignments to Pakistan and Afghanistan over the past two and one-half years this correspondent spoke to a number of resistance fighters and refugees claiming similar conditions. Even skeptics regard these accounts as compelling. It is difficult to believe that simple, nonliterate tribesmen could have any real prior knowledge matching the description of certain chemical agents so accurately. . . . [Increasing] circumstantial evidence ranging from refugee reports to medical testimony makes it virtually certain that the Soviets have made widespread use of lethal nerve gases and toxins. . . ."

## Stop That Praying

Those who like abortion and racial busing and don't like school prayer were jubilant as this session of Congress wound down. Opponents of the Reagan "social agenda" managed—though very narrowly—to stall action all along the front.

The three issues cited differ in various ways, most notably in the degree of the consensus concerning them. Opinion seems to be divided on abortion, while all surveys indicate huge majorities in favor of school prayer and against racial busing. In that light, the fate of school prayer in the Senate is instructive.

A measure introduced by Senator Jesse Helms would have removed school prayer from the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court. The opponents of the measure, lacking the votes to defeat it, filibustered. Supporters fell just short of the votes necessary to end debate. Finally, the Senate voted, 51 to 48, to kill the measure—in order to get on with the concluding business of this session. Hardly an illustrious victory for prayer opponents, but they still wound up the winners.

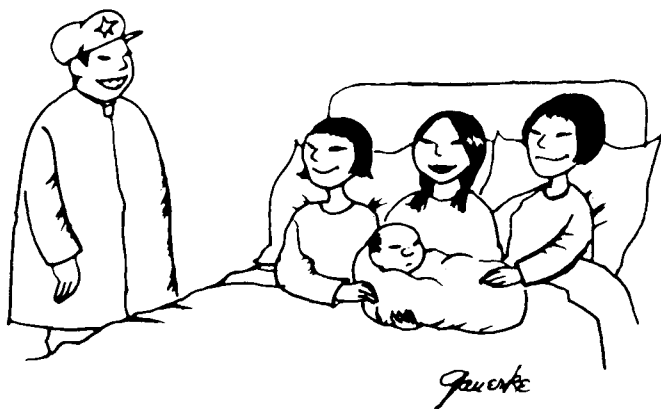
Tactically, Senator Helms—in this, acceding to the wishes of Majority Leader Baker—waited too long before introducing his prayer measure. The pressure of adjournment gave unnecessary leverage to the liberal filibuster. Helms promises to move promptly in the next session.

Philosophically, however, several conservatives—notably Goldwater, Tower, and Humphrey—were reluctant to remove the issue from the Court's jurisdiction; and, in the end, it could be said that it was those conservative votes, joined to liberal votes, that killed the measure.

But it is scarcely “unconstitutional,” as some have claimed, to remove a matter from the jurisdiction of the Court. The power of Congress to do so is explicitly written into the Constitution and has been repeatedly, though not frequently, exercised (see “Congress and the Supreme Court,” by C. Dickerman Williams, *NR*, February 5, 1982). That Congress seldom votes to remove the Court's jurisdiction is a tribute not only to congressional prudence but to self-restraint by the Court. When, however, the Court behaves without such self-restraint, as it did in the prayer decision—which overturned two centuries of accepted practice and invented new meanings for the First Amendment—then it is the clear duty of Congress to correct the balance. Unless Congress is willing to do so, we are deprived of a government of balanced constitutional powers. That is, Congress should, under such circumstances, act to preserve the Constitution itself. The irony was of men who understood themselves as defending the Constitution undermining it by failing to use its resources to correct an imbalance.

## Seven Dirty Words

Defenders of free speech will be interested to learn that the Federal Home Loan Bank Board keeps a list of words and phrases that it forbids real-estate appraisers to use in their reports on property values. Among them are “church,” “synagogue,” “pride of



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ownership,” “declining neighborhood,” “prestigious neighborhood,” “homogeneous,” and “poor schools.”

The agency thinks that appraisers who use these dirty words and phrases are violating the Civil Rights Act of 1968. The reason, it explains, is that the phrases serve as proxies for prejudice against racial and religious groups—so that, for example, “prestigious neighborhoods” must by definition be those that exclude racial or religious minorities. This view is not only insulting to such minorities but seems wrong on the facts as well: according to the Society of Real Estate Appraisers, recent studies suggest that racial integration tends to enhance property values, as does the presence of nearby churches and synagogues.

The FHLBB does not deny that neighborhood quality affects the prices buyers are willing to pay for property. Its idea seems rather to be that appraisals should reflect not those market prices, but the “just” prices hypothetical buyers would pay if they were indifferent to whether they lived near churches, and gladly accepted whatever kind of schools the local authorities cared to provide. For many flesh-and-blood buyers, unfortunately, the policy has not worked so well; according to the appraisers' society, low-income buyers have lost a lot of money buying federally financed houses at artificially high appraisal values.

## The Bob Jones Case

In October, the Supreme Court is scheduled to hear the tax-exemption case involving Bob Jones University, and though the case has important constitutional aspects, some danger exists that the Court will be influenced by a vast media campaign on behalf of one side in the dispute. The danger involved here is that the power of the IRS to make ad hoc law will be legitimized, the rights of private institutions eroded, and religious freedom curtailed.

The outlines of the case are plain enough. Bob Jones University is appealing a decision by the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Fourth Circuit revoking its tax-exempt status. The decision was based on the refusal of the university to conform to what the IRS and the Fourth Circuit Court call “federal public policy.” The school allegedly violates such policy because—on religious grounds—it prohibits interracial dating to black, white, Oriental, and other groups on the campus. Now, this religious doctrine would certainly not meet with wide acceptance outside the campus of that university, and it may even seem absurd; but the same can be said of other religious doctrines. Nor, since the dating prohibition applies to all groups on the campus, does it seem racially discriminatory in any ordinary sense.

The “federal public policy” alleged to be at stake in this case has no expression in the operative statute regarding tax exemption. Section 501 (c) (3) of the In-

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ternal Revenue Code, which deals with tax exemption, contains not one word dealing with racial discrimination or its absence, and certainly nothing about interracial dating on a private college campus. The move against the tax-exempt status of Bob Jones University originated with the IRS, which was therefore making "federal public policy" on its own, i.e., usurping the legislative function of Congress.

Last January, the Reagan Administration took the position that Section 501 (c) (3) nowhere says or even suggests that a tax-exempt institution must conform to "federal public policy," whereupon there ensued a media and political firestorm to the effect that the Administration was supporting "the subsidizing of racially segregative academies." The Administration, reacting to the storm, suggested that Congress address itself to the issue and revise the appropriate statute, if it so chose. In that context, the Administration was attempting to return law-making from the bureaucracy, e.g., the IRS, to Congress.

When the lawyers for Bob Jones University presented a motion to the Supreme Court to reverse the Court of Appeals decision—after all, the government had now admitted error—the Supreme Court took the unusual step of postponing the decision and inviting a "Special Counsel" to prepare and present arguments supporting the Court of Appeals' position. William T. Coleman, a widely respected black attorney and former Cabinet member, was chosen for this task. Enormous media forces are certain to be brought to bear on this case as the decision approaches. Already, prestigious friend-of-the-court briefs have been filed on Coleman's side.

Important principles, obviously, are at stake. The rhetoric alleging that tax exemption amounts to "the subsidizing of racially segregative academics" ought to be the subject of national examination. It implies that churches, for example, are "subsidized," raising an obvious constitutional question. It means that museums are subsidized. Are they to be required to practice affirmative action in, say, the selection of artworks?

The case also involves the very process of making laws in this country, and the leeway that we are will-

ing to grant to bureaucrats, e.g., the IRS, in expanding upon statutes passed by Congress. The Supreme Court itself, in the past three decades, has usurped substantial legislative territory. This case will give it the opportunity to declare its own intentions for the future. Private colleges, under siege from federal regulations in a variety of other matters, will have their autonomy affirmed or further undercut. And it ought to be observed that no one is forced to go to Bob Jones University, and that students who decide to go there know what the rules of the school are.

It is odd, and not especially auspicious, that so much of value hinges on a case involving a question such as interracial campus dating.

## Claude Ryan, RIP

I was speaking to a very well-informed friend of mine. "I see where Claude Ryan died," I said.

"Who was he?"

"Well, you know Charles Lindbergh of course."

"Of course."

"Claude Ryan built the plane that Lindbergh flew to glory in 1927."

He was a quiet, gentle, smiling man, not a self-promoter. He managed to build one of the most famous airplanes of the century without converting his fabulous achievement into fame or fortune. He stayed on in San Diego for sixty years, doing respectable things, but somehow the name Ryan didn't have imperialistic pretensions on the public consciousness: it never quite matched the names of Glenn Martin, Don Douglas, Bill Boeing, the Lockheed brothers, Walter Beech, Clyde Cessna.

Ryan established the first regularly scheduled air passenger service, between San Diego and Los Angeles, in 1922. Ryan Aeronautical was the first company to produce monoplanes in commercial quantities. But the great mass of the industry was moving toward larger and larger aircraft while Ryan stuck with the small ones. He built thousands of trainers and, during the 1941-1945 war, his flying school turned out 14,000 pilots for the Army Air Corps.

By the mid-1950s he was building engine parts for Boeing and Douglas, subcontracting landing gear assemblies, finding any kind of sheet-metal work to keep the plant busy. He kept coming up with drastic new ideas, the most exotic of which was a jet aircraft that was capable of vertical takeoffs and landings. It actually flew. But no one seemed to need such a brilliant machine.

He was five years old when the Wright brothers made their first powered flight, and 84 when he died in San Diego on September 12. His death reminds us all of the youthfulness of flight, and reminds those of us who knew him, even slightly, of his great gifts and unassuming ways.

—WFR

## Japan's Free Ride

We all know that they love to work  
Like doped-up dwarfs. (Hi-ho.)  
We also know their companies  
Get help from Tokyo.  
But if they had to budget for  
Their national defense,  
GM could kick Roloids, and I-  
BM would look less tense.

W. H. VON DREELE

# Notes & Asides

■ Memo to: Bill  
From: Priscilla

I had to pull the scheduled "Notes & Asides" to make room for your obit on Princess Grace.

## Princess Grace, RIP

When Grace Kelly arrived in Monaco to marry the reigning member of one of the oldest royal families in Europe, the pre-nuptial festivities included a seemingly endless parade of ships that slipped by the royal yacht where, alongside her prince, she stood, watched by television, and by what was at the time one of the largest television audiences in history. One reporter remarked that she waved her right hand with apparent spontaneity, with delight, at the endless line of well-wishers, struck by the theatrical magic of it all—America's most beautiful woman (they said with some reason) marrying Europe's most eligible prince. But the reporter noted that her left hand gripped the railing of the ship with a tension unnoticed by the crowds who gathered, but undisguisable—one could see the muscles in that arm, taut, pulsating even. And it was so, this reporter remarked, for the entire four hours of the physical ordeal.

Grace Kelly had been most recently trained to perform professionally as an actress. But before that she had been trained by her family to perform as a human being: to control herself, and to strive for perfection. The hard effort she put in, that afternoon, requiring of her so much strength—all but hidden from the audience, because she had been trained to hide pain, to disguise effort—all that was a part of her character.

It would not have been easy for anyone to live the role she lived; to master a foreign tongue, foreign habits; to mix easily with a class brought up to be offhandedly conscious of occupying a station to which, in Europe, it isn't generally supposed that mere commoners can attain. One of the triumphs of Grace Kelly was the apparent effortlessness of this achievement, what proved to be her lifelong work: half her life spent in being a princess, while giving the impression that she had become one the moment she exchanged her vows.

Those who knew her, as Princess Grace, and simply as Grace, never ceased to marvel at the mysterious combination. On the one hand Venus herself was not

more naturally cast than Grace as a goddess. On the other, no one privately worked harder to achieve a natural regality. It wasn't that of a spoiled princeling, taking for granted the high perquisites of life. It was rather an act of submission. There are those who knew her well, one of whom commented last week that if she had decided to become a nun rather than a princess, there would not have been a distinctive difference in her approach to her vocation. She would have struggled, in the knowledge of the generality of human weakness, to be a nun of whom God and her fellow sisters would be proud. Even as she struggled to be a princess of whom God, and her prince, and her family, and her people, would be proud.

She was, formally, an expatriate. But here she was not entirely convincing. She would have given anything for her little principality. But she was never other than an American. In her frequent visits to Philadelphia, and to other parts of America, she could not conceal her love for her native land, nor her concern for its tribulations. Her natural capacity to laugh permitted her to enjoy the ironies, to be indulgent about human excesses, to understand fatalistically that there is no inquiry that takes one further than that which seeks to conform with the will of God, even if that will is never fully understood. When last spring what seemed like all of Philadelphia came together to rejoice in its most illustrious citizen, she called me to say nervously that she was at a loss how exactly to express her appreciation at the forthcoming ceremony. I counseled her to look at a videotape of a former colleague, Fred Astaire, who only one year earlier had with mesmerizing grace turned quietly aside the accumulated compliments of ninety minutes of tribute by the high and mighty of Hollywood. She looked at the program, and responded, as was no surprise, that she could not seek to duplicate the art of Astaire: which, however, she proceeded to do.

Two years ago we went to Rome to participate in a documentary filmed in the Sistine Chapel based on the parables of the Prodigal Son and the Good Samaritan. On that occasion, standing only a few feet from where Pope John Paul was seated when proclaimed Vicar of Christ on earth, she spoke of her faith in the continuing reach of the parables, electing to describe the venture into organized charity of the founder of the Red Cross, the Good Samaritan of the Industrial Age. She said then that nothing changes in respect of the opportunities, which are always there, for the individual Christian to attempt to do good, and, in doing good, to repay the great munificence of the Providence that gave us life: that gave her life, and, on September 14, took it from her, so very abruptly; took her from us, leaving so many disconsolate. There are no princesses where she is bound, but the secular imagination must at least suppose that wherever she is, a special light will irradiate, even as it did here on earth, which mourns her so grievously.

—WFB

# FROM Washington

## Democrats Adrift

JOHN McLAUGHLIN  
Straight



WITH THE PRIMARIES behind us, and with only about a month to go before the November elections, why have the Democrats failed to mount anything that can be called—even by the broadest definition—a political offensive? They don't seem able to cope—the President has them buffaloed. They can't make the jobs issue into a political battering ram (as they have done for fifty years); major groups like the elderly resist being politically mobilized by them; and even the patchily dreary economy defies their politicizing.

Ronald Reagan continues to disarm all comers by his inexhaustible geniality, and in so doing has become virtually a political untouchable. People are now satisfied, after 21 months of scrutiny, that his insouciant attitude toward power is the real article—that, in effect, he has turned Lord Acton's theorem on its head—which they find endlessly beguiling. So great is Reagan's personal appeal that even a recalcitrant economy does not halt his steady rise in the Reagan-the-man polls. Democrats don't dare attack him, and when they summon up the courage to strike out at his policies they do so self-consciously, distinguishing carefully between the policy and the man. "Oh, do we miss Nixon," old-line Washington liberals will tell you in their throwaway moods.

So at a loss are the Democrats for a target that their latest TV spot is "generic," stressing "fairness." It shows a GOP elephant in a china shop, stepping on Waterford crystal, while the voice-over intones: We trusted the Republicans to mind the store in Washington. Instead they are crushing the hopes of the elderly, small businessmen, farmers. One thing stands between them and us: the Democratic Party.

Great cinematography, that. But politically? Surveys show that people are more interested in the promotion of economic growth than in "fairness," as construed by the party that historically has been addicted to big government.

Also, major groups today seem largely immune to Democratic appeals. Take the elderly. They have been the principal beneficiaries of the Reagan economic program. Under Reagan, their cost-of-living bonuses continued unabated—in fact, they were based on Consumer Price Indices largely influenced by mortgage rates, which mostly do not affect the elderly. Moreover, inflation has been grinding down, which means that the elderly are getting more real money. Next month's elections will not be a referendum on Social Security.

The disaffection of blacks is a more serious matter. Blacks could make a difference this fall, if their voter-turnout is high. All it takes is a shift of one percentage point or even less in certain congressional districts for critical effect. To his credit, election year or not, Mr. Reagan is giving no rhetorical quarter on this issue. At a recent gathering of black Republicans in Washington, the President stated flatly that the Great Society programs had done blacks more harm than good, creating a permanent dependency. The President waved this insight around like a banner.

Then there is the matter of unemployment. For fifty years Democrats have made their political reputation on being providers of jobs. Paradoxically, that issue appears to be slipping away from them. Today, people are blaming inflation, interest rates, and public spending for the country's economic problems, rather than unemployment. They tend to see unemployment as a symptom of economic woe rather than its cause. Also, although the overall unemployment rate is ghastly, its distribution is uneven from one region to another. Democrats have not been able to stitch those regions together so that pockets of unemployment, like those in Alabama and Michigan, seem truly nationwide. So, the firestorm that everyone had been expecting has not materialized, notwithstanding the fact that over ten million people are jobless.

More broadly, Democrats have failed to put forward any credible alternative to Reaganomics, and the public has observed that. Credible is the operative word here. Democrats have advanced economic "stimuli," but what kind of stimuli? The \$1-billion jobs bill, passed by the Democratic House to set up 200,000 public-service jobs, is a case in point. In debate, the bill resuscitated all of the blood-stirring rhetoric of the old New Deal. It was like watching a play acted out by ghosts. "The Democrats are on their old binge again," said House Minority Leader Bob Michel, "drinking the same old moonshine." How can the Democrats fail to realize, one wonders, that Tiponomics is 1930s WPA thinking *réchauffé*, which the public has lost faith in?

This suicidal Tiponomics compulsion is by no means a one-shot deal: besides the jobs bill, Democrats are hawk-ing a five-year spending measure that calls for a cool \$1 billion a year in new aid to industry, \$250 million a year in new government grants for job training, and \$100 million a year in new aid for colleges—all under the rubric of (get this) "industrial defense preparedness."

MEANWHILE, Mr. Reagan capitalizes on the new national mindset by sagely calling for a special session of Congress to pass regular spending bills for fiscal 1983 in order to get rid of those excessively long "temporary" continuing-spending resolutions that are so vulnerable to spendthrift jiggling by Democratic wastrels. Reagan is seizing the political moment, trading on the current mood of thrift that his Administration has generated.

Politically, all of this may plausibly translate as follows: In the gubernatorial races, determined chiefly by state issues, the GOP will be flattened; it will lose probably eight seats, leaving Democrats with 35 statehouses and Republicans with 15, a lopsidedness that could hurt the GOP presidential candidate in 1984. In the Senate, Republicans will hold on to their 54 incumbencies, possibly picking up one additional seat, maybe two. In the House, odds are that the GOP losses will not be as severe as Washington mavens were betting a month ago. It now seems that the GOP will lose not more than twenty seats. Such returns would say a lot about Ronald Reagan, but even more about the Democrats. □

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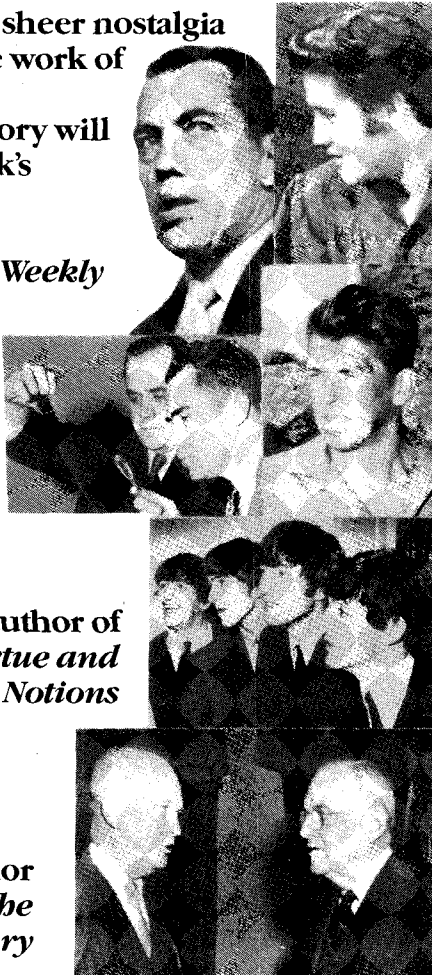
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# When the Going Was Good!

AMERICAN LIFE  
IN THE FIFTIES

by Jeffrey Hart

Foreword by

William F. Buckley, Jr.

Illustrated with photographs

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**T**HIS COLUMN has never, I hope readers will agree, been guilty of utopianism, whether under its present incumbent or its initiator. I shall nevertheless indulge myself with a brief utopian dream.

It is a dream of peace in the Bible lands . . . A state of Palestine exists. It is a federal state with two, or possibly three, components: what is now the West Bank and part of what is now Jordan; the rest of the kingdom of Jordan; and the Gaza Strip. It will be unique in constitutional history in that it will federate a monarchy and a republic.

Unheard of? Well, why not? In this federal monarcho-republic, the king and the president occupy the office of head of state on an annually alternating basis. Defense and foreign affairs are shared. Possibly education as well, since Islam will prevail in the two or three components. But in other respects, the Palestinian element will have its autonomous responsibilities.

Then there will be a restored and peaceful Lebanon, a return to that oasis of tolerance that existed before King Hussein kicked the PLO out of Jordan and it settled in (occupied? infested?) that unhappy country, and the Syrians moved in for good measure.

There will also be Israel, but a profoundly different Israel from the bellicose and hypersensitive state that arouses fear today among its Arab neighbors. It will have a powerful army still, since memories die hard, but a dramatically reduced defense budget. It will rival Lebanon as the banking center of the Near East, in friendly competition. For the whole area, it will be a source of agricultural and technological expertise. The Arabs will wonder how they ever did without the Israelis in the bad old days.

Have I forgotten something? Indeed I have: the Palestinian element in the federated monarcho-republic I have suggested will have a kind of working democracy, probably as quarrelsome and individualistic as that of Israel (the former for certain, the latter at least possibly). In this working democracy, the PLO, suitably renamed, will be one component among others, and not necessarily the most important.

Let us come back to earth. The point

about this fantasy, perhaps, is that six months ago, last year, the year before, it would not have occurred to me to write the foregoing paragraphs. The fantasy itself becomes possible (regardless of hard reality in the here and now) for one reason only: the combination of Israeli military prowess and American diplomacy, in the person of that outstanding practitioner Philip Habib, which has dislodged the PLO from Lebanon and scattered it to various corners of the Arab world.

President Reagan was known to have been thinking of a new Middle East initiative for quite some time, but it would have had no chance of offering even the elements of a fantasy if the PLO had remained in Lebanon.

I can think of very good reasons why, in his impressive statement of September 1, the President did not actually thank the Israelis for getting the PLO out, though he did praise Israeli military valor. Though I thought I would never sympathize with Menachem Begin over anything, I did find myself sympathizing with him when he drew the President's attention to this omission. However, if you want to get Arabs interested in a plan for peace in the Bible lands, it is best not to start off by thanking the Israeli armed forces.

## Where It's At

As this column was written [before Gemayel's assassination and the subsequent massacre] the realities were these:

1. The President's statement specifically ruled out the creation of a Palestinian state. All he talked about was autonomy.

2. Even that was too strong for Premier Begin, who rejected President Reagan's proposals out of hand and immediately speeded up further Israeli settlements on the West Bank in defiance of the President's specific appeal. The opposition Labor Party, under Shimon Peres, however, welcomed the President's proposals as a proper basis for negotiations.

3. The Arab kings and presidents (mercifully minus Qaddafi of Libya) met at Fez in Morocco and moved forward—a little. They seemed prepared to recognize Israel, and therefore its

right to exist. But they wanted a fully sovereign state of Palestine; *and* they wanted the negotiations to be conducted under the leadership of the PLO.

## Not with Begin

Even in defeat and dispersal, the Palestine Liberation Organization has retained a certain clout. It seems to me therefore that peace of a kind will come to the area only if the following conditions are fulfilled:

1. Begin is ousted in the next Israeli general elections, possibly next spring, and the Labor Party takes over.

2. The PLO, under combined Arab pressure, drops its claims to a sovereign state and accepts either autonomy (as proposed by the President) or the kind of federation I adumbrated in my opening fantasy.

3. As a preferable alternative to the second point, the Arabs drop their exclusive support for the PLO and encourage the emergence of anti-PLO political groups or parties on the West Bank and (with King Hussein's permission, if given) in Jordan.

What are the chances that such conditions will be fulfilled? Let me look at them one by one.

First, the Israeli attitude. One thing is quite certain: so long as Mr. Begin survives and stays in power, the Reagan plan will remain stillborn. The same would be true if other members of his present team—such as Foreign Minister Shamir and Defense Minister Sharon—have a deciding voice. It was never in doubt that Begin would press on with the Lebanon operation even when the voices of American Jews started to be raised in protest at the civilian casualties. Once a fanatic, always a fanatic. Indeed, should a Peres government initiate negotiations with the Arabs, it would not surprise me if the younger men who support Begin started a bit of terrorism on the side with Irgun and Stern as models.

I do believe the Arab states might be persuaded to put pressure on the PLO to drop its claim to sovereignty. After all, nobody seemed in any hurry to help the PLO in its hour of agony. Whether they would go further and drop the PLO, period, is another matter. □

# Is Lower Back Pain Making You An On-Again, Off-Again Cripple?

by Eugene Griffin

## Read how one man freed himself from this crippling pain.

It happened aboard a Lufthansa flight to Frankfurt, Germany where I was going for a business meeting. The plane hit an air pocket and suddenly my back "went out." If you've ever suffered from lower back pain, you know what this can mean. In my case, the stewardess *had to lead me off the plane* when we landed. "This is the first time this has happened?" she asked. When I told her no, she said:

"Oh, then you should have a Prosana Belt." She then told me she had lower back trouble, too, and without the Prosana Belt, she didn't think she could hold her job. "It practically saved my life!" she went on. I'll be sure to get one, I told her. But what I was really thinking was how could a belt that helped her—a woman about 110 pounds—help a slightly overweight guy of six feet like me? Besides, I thought, I've tried practically everything short of an operation. So I went to my hotel room, took a hot bath, several aspirin and laid down for the night hoping for the best.

### Couldn't get out of bed

The next morning the pain was worse than I could ever remember. *I had to roll out of bed onto my knees and crawl to a doorknob to get to my feet.* Again, I took a hot bath and some aspirin, but again, it didn't do much good. If I had been back home, I would have called and canceled the meeting. But here I was in Germany and scheduled for a meeting with five other businessmen I had set up. So there was nothing I could do but go through with it.

### Lunch Included, Too!

The pain must have been apparent the moment I walked into the room because the first man I met smiled sympathetically and said, "You look like your back is bothering you." It is, I answered. "Haven't you heard of the Prosana Belt?" he asked. I nodded yes. "And you don't have one?" he persisted. No, I said, continuing around the room, anxious only to get the meeting over with and go back home. After the meeting, the man who asked me about the Prosana Belt suggested I join him for lunch. Since he was the key man on the deal, I accepted. But instead of driving me to the restaurant, he took me first to a surgical supply store where he bought me a Prosana Belt. I had no other choice but to put it on right there, though all I

could think of after thanking him was to say, Is that it?

"That's it," he replied. "Now let us take a little walk to a nearby restaurant I know you'll enjoy."

### The Most Amazing Walk Of My Life

If I had known the "little walk" was going to take almost a half hour, I never would have gone—business deal or no. But that was all part of his plan! Because by the time we reached the restaurant, *my pain was gone!* I even reached down and touched my shoelaces just to see if I wasn't imagining things. I can't believe it, I said. It's like a miracle. "Yes, I know," he answered, "I said the same thing when I first wore the Prosana Belt. Occasionally," he added, "I still say it, although any troublesome condition or pain that persists should be brought to the attention of your doctor."

### Tested & Proved In Hospitals

Over lunch my friend proceeded to tell me about the Prosana Belt. How it was invented by a doctor, tested and proved in hospitals and clinics; even on people so crippled with lower back pain, they had to wear steel braces! How it was, and is, used throughout Europe by tennis champions, Olympic bobsled medalists, soccer players—by all kinds of people who are constantly putting incredible strains and stresses on their backs. In fact, he concluded, its effectiveness has been so proven, *its purchase is included under Germany's national health coverage plan.*

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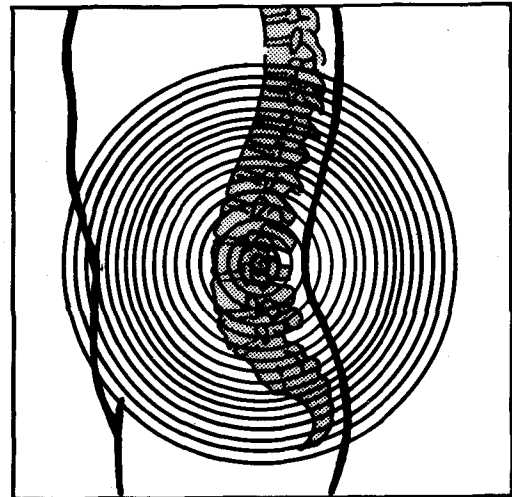
When I returned home, I told all my friends with bad backs about this marvelous belt. But when they tried to buy one, they found no one in the United States had even heard of it! So, I called my friend in Germany (incidentally, I got that order) and told him I'd like to import some Prosana Belts. He told me the cost of one in Germany was \$44.00 in American money. Since I would have shipping costs, taxes, handling and so forth, I decided to see if I could make a special bulk importing deal with the manufacturer. And, I'm happy to add, I was able to. Yes, you can now try the Prosana Belt for only \$29.95—\$14.00 less than what you would pay in Germany. What's more...

### You Can Prove Its Effectiveness To Yourself Risk-Free For 30 Days!

If you suffer lower back pain like me, you've probably tried every "cure" there is and so you're probably skeptical. Which is why I'm making this iron-clad, no-risk guarantee: If you're not convinced that the Prosana Belt relieves your lower back pain fast...that it works where other methods and devices have failed...that it lets you bend over, garden, do household chores, even play sports *pain-free*, I'll return your money in full.

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HERE'S HOW THE AMAZING PROSANA BELT WORKS. Every time you move or take a step, the up, down and sideways motion of the patented, orthopedic-designed "massaging pads" soothes away aches and pains almost like a chiropractor's hands. (Yet the Prosana Belt is invisible even under summer clothes. Soft, lightweight and washable, too, with no metal parts. And one size fits all!)



## If You Read Nothing Else Read This Doctor's Report:

"I've turned from my initial skepticism, indeed rejection of the Prosana belt, to an eager proponent of it. I now have checked more than 40 cases from my practice and after studying a file with more than 100 statements, I have no doubts about the effectiveness of the belt." Dr. Ludwig Hecht

### HERE'S WHAT USERS SAY:

"I have been suffering from lower back pain for years. Nothing helped, not even a steel corset. After wearing the belt, I am freed from the pain and it has never come back." Mr. H. Kilian, Olympic Medalist & 3-Time World Bobsled Champion

"I suffered from severe back pain caused by tennis, and since I did not want to take any medication, I have begun to wear your belt. It is hard to believe how quickly I have got rid of my back pain."

Mr. D. Sturdza, Swiss Tennis Champion

"Often I could tolerate the pain only with strong medication. The Prosana Belt has freed me from taking pills."

Mrs. F. Polenz, Housewife

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P.O. Box 458, 18 Genevieve St., Great Neck, NY 11022

I, too, want to prove to myself for 30 days, risk-free that the amazing Prosana Belt can free me from lower back pain. Rush me my belt at the special import price of only \$29.95 plus \$2 for postage and handling. **SAVE!** Order 2 Prosana Belts for only \$55.95 plus \$3 postage and handling. Same money-back guarantee. If after 30 days I'm not 100% satisfied with the dramatic relief I experience, I may return the Prosana Belt(s) for a full and prompt refund (excluding postage and handling) no questions asked.

☐ Check or Money Order enclosed. (New York residents add 8% sales tax.)

I am a ☐ Medicaid ☐ Medicare recipient.  
Enclosed is a copy of my card saving me \$5.00 more

Charge to: ☐ VISA ☐ Master Charge

Card # \_\_\_\_\_ Exp. Date \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

## Printing-Press Money

TOM BETHELL

**S**HORTLY AFTER THE 1982 tax increase became law, the Internal Revenue Service published a "wish list"—something that people are inclined to do when things are going their way. One of their wishes was to recall all the hundred-dollar bills and replace them with new ones of pinkish hue. The idea was to flush out the moles in the underground economy. Chaps bringing in more than a certain number of old bills before the deadline for exchanging them would no doubt find IRS agents lying in wait.

Hearing of this new bureaucratic initiative, I decided to visit the Bureau of Engraving and Printing on Washington's 14th Street. This is where they print all U.S. currency, and most of the postage stamps. As one might expect, it is a fortress-like building, in operation as a money-maker since 1913, and housing 16 high-speed printing presses that turn out about four billion bills in the course of a year. (There are about eight billion in circulation, with a face value of \$149 billion, or about \$650 for every man, woman, and child.)

The Bureau's 2,500 employees are organized into three shifts, working 24 hours a day, six days a week—"round the clock printing it out," as one put it.

Tom Ferguson, the acting chief of the Office of Planning and Policy Development, has risen fairly swiftly in the bureaucracy. Before taking the Civil Service exam in 1974, he was a warehouseman in the Poconos. Now he oversees the manufacture of the nation's dollars. "As far as I know we have nothing new in the production stages," he said when I raised the subject of the pink hundreds. "But it wouldn't be a difficult switch to make. We wouldn't have to change the plates. Just the ink." But he thought it would require an act of Congress. Bureaucrats can't just go ahead and put out pink money because it's on their wish list. (Or can they?)

Before we set off for the well-guarded production area, Mr. Ferguson provided me with a pair of bright yellow steel toe caps to tie on my shoes. There's a danger that a ton of money will fall onto your

feet, apparently. Mixed in with factory, there was a strong smell of hospital. The currency paper—made by Crane & Co. in Dalton, Mass.—is impregnated with formaldehyde to kill pocket germs.

One of the Giori presses was twirling out a cascade of ones, still green, in uncut sheets of 32. Much of the Bureau's time is taken up with printing ones, which accounted for almost half the print order in 1981. About 3 per cent of the bills being printed now are hundreds—118 million printed in 1981, up from 28 million in 1972.

Different denominations have different lifespans. The Bureau estimates that a piece of currency becomes unfit for human circulation after four hundred transactions. For a dollar bill, this used to take 22 months. But by the late 1970s it was down to 18 months. When their lifespans were last measured (several years ago), hundreds lasted about twenty years, twenties lasted five.

These figures illustrate the increasing "velocity" of money as inflation picks up. People spend money sooner rather than later as its value declines. So the four hundred transactions become compressed in time. This puts an extra burden on the printing presses, which are usually working full-time as it is. Replacing worn-out notes at shorter intervals becomes impossible unless new presses are bought. This costs money, however, and grubby money tends to

become more tolerable to policymakers. Hence the saying: When a nation's currency declines in value, its physical condition likewise deteriorates. Slovenly policy begets slovenly money.

Next year we should have cleaner money. The Bureau has bought two new presses, allowing for an expanded print order of 4.5 billion units. But inflation has subsided too, which probably means that "velocity" has subsided. So bills will stay clean longer anyway.

Does all this "printing-press money" cause inflation? No. The Bureau fulfills an annual print order from the Federal Reserve, whose 12 regional banks submit their currency requirements to the Board. The Bureau of Engraving and Printing does not initiate, it responds to demand. In this sense, it is the government agency most completely subservient to the people's will. It cannot foist anything on us that we don't want. It tried with the two-dollar bill, and was stuck with unused bales.

**I**T IS THIS knowledge that the Bureau performs a desired service that gives it an air of purpose enjoyed by few government agencies. It produces something that the public is free to reject. This knowledge greatly reduces the demoralizing effects of monopoly and coercion that undermine so many government agencies.

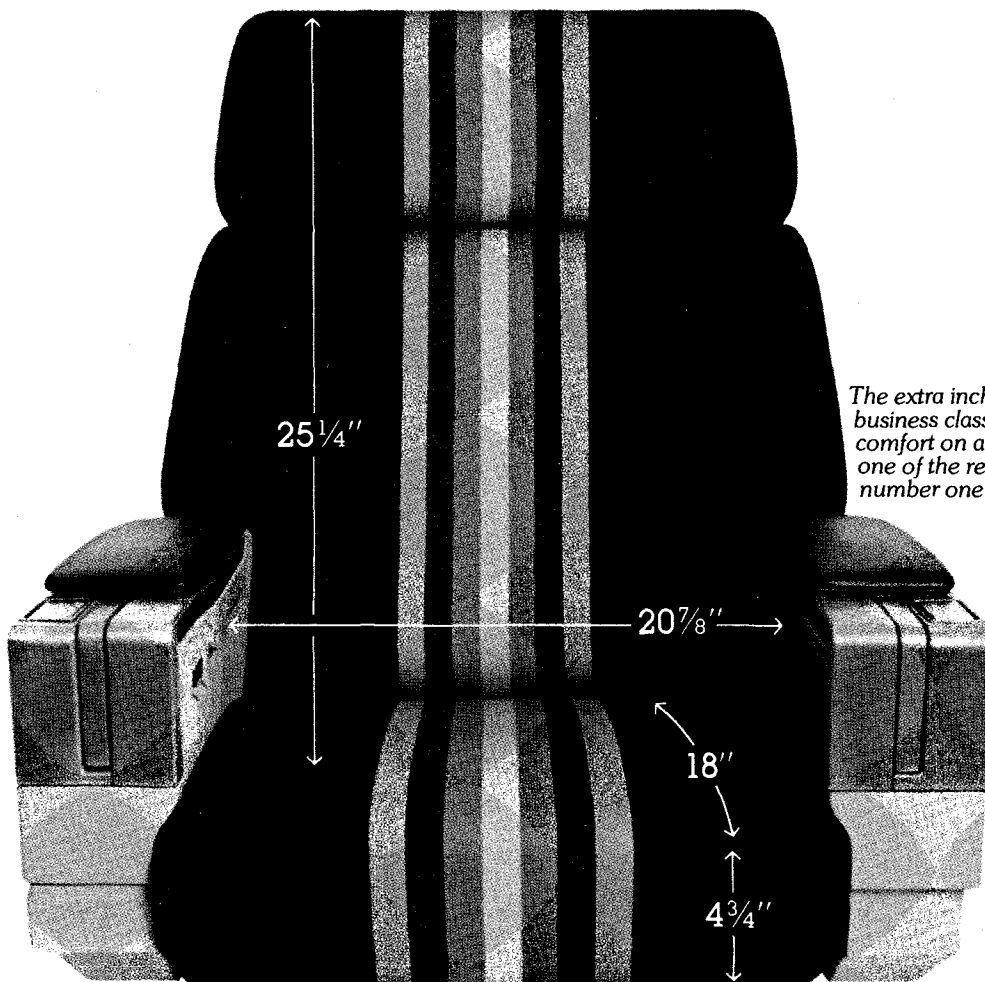
If we assume that the cost of government is the main cause of inflation in the U.S. (controversial, but plausible), then the Bureau may be one of the few real "inflation fighters" in Washington. It has reduced the number of its employees, increased productivity, and held costs well below the inflation rate.

Currency remains popular. A Treasury study notes that "currency and coin in circulation today constitute a larger portion of the basic money supply than it did fifty years ago, in spite of the vast impact which checks and credit cards have had on the pattern of consumer expenditure."

One of the things people like about currency is that it doesn't have Social Security numbers on it. You really can't establish a connection between the users of money and the money by changing its color. "If those people were smart enough to get all those hundred-dollar bills in the first place," one worker standing beside a printing press told me, "they're not likely to allow themselves to be trapped that easily, are they?" □



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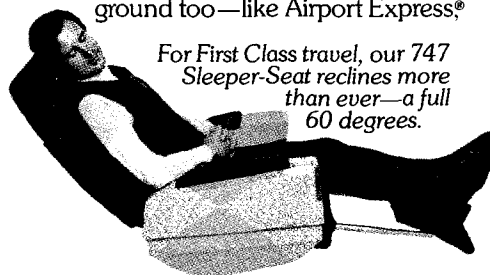
Take our Royal Ambassador<sup>sm</sup> Service. A First Class that sets the standard. With free cocktails, assorted vintage wines and brandies, and a range of entrees presented with a style

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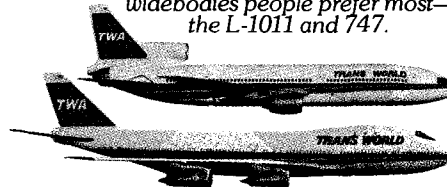
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We're the number one choice to Europe for the seventh year in a row. We just wanted you to know why.

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**TWA**

# Supply-Siders on the Line

*Richard Brookhiser*

THE HONOR LEGION of the New York City police department is the finest of the finest, composed of officers who, having pledged to risk their lives in the line of duty, have been taken at their word. They were having a dinner in the Bronx, and Lew Lehrman, who is running for governor of New York, went to address them.

Lehrman is 44 and doesn't look it, though his hair is receding in front and whitening everywhere else. He is slim and high-strung with energy, has an intense, gimlet gaze, and leans forward from the waist, like the red-headed drinking birds sold at fairs. He was wearing galluses before *Chariots of Fire*—since 1965, in fact, when he got his first pair from his fiancée.

As the policemen ate their soup, he talked about crime. "We have made your job harder by putting obstacles in your way." Judges, for instance, "care more about the criminals than the victims," while trials have become "inquisitions" into the conduct of the police who handled the case. As a result, the streets are "playgrounds for criminals. We have to take the handcuffs off the police and put them on the criminals where they belong." The audience applauded.

Lehrman has a speaking style that is

edgy and stiff. Stray sentences dressed in their Sunday best also pop up unexpectedly ("Criminals," he promised that night, "will rediscover the majesty of the law and yield to its awesome penalties"). But he hammers his points squarely on the head.

New York, he said, must have a death penalty for wanton murderers—a sentence sanctioned by both Leviticus and common sense. He promised to focus a "glare of publicity" on soft judges, and to appoint hard ones to the Court of Appeals. He proposed legislation to relax the rule that excludes illegally obtained evidence from trials. (He has elsewhere endorsed consecutive, not concurrent, sentences; jury selection by courts to speed up the process and disencumber the judicial calendar; and the verdict "Guilty, but mentally ill" as a curb on the promiscuous use of the insanity defense.) "How about a nightstick?" one of the policemen at the back of the room called out. The officers gave Lehrman a standing ovation when he finished, and he gave a pair of suspenders to his host.

Crime is one of Lehrman's two big issues. The other, more central to his political and intellectual identity, is the economy. Lehrman was one of the *ur*-supply-siders. He was an early advocate

of a return to the gold standard, and in 1980 Jack Kemp pushed him for Secretary of the Treasury in the new Reagan Administration.

New Yorkers, in his view, are overtaxed, and the state government overspends. New York has sunk to 16th among the states in personal income, to 49th in the proportion of income that people can keep after taxes. Property-owners bear the fourth highest property tax in the nation (63 per cent above the national average); small businesses pay a 10 per cent corporate tax. Bracket creep takes its bite—revenue from personal income taxes, Lehrman says, will rise 15 per cent because of inflation in 1982 alone.

Taxes, accordingly, must be cut (he is the only one of the gubernatorial candidates who has promised to cut state income taxes). This will lure business back. Most of the state's emigrants, Lehrman points out, have fled, not to the Sunbelt, but across the border—to other Frostbelt states that are less rapacious. Because the state constitution requires a balanced budget, Governor Lehrman would, at least in the short run, have to hold the line on spending. Candidate Lehrman estimates that 10 per cent of the budget can be wrung out as waste or fraud.

FDR of course promised to do the same thing in 1932. Isn't waste, I asked Lehrman on the way to the Honor Legion dinner, like death—inevitable? "It depends," he answered, "on how hard you work."

LEWIS EDWARD LEHRMAN was born August 15, 1938, in Harrisburg, Pa., one of a pair of twins. He graduated from Yale in 1960, and won teaching fellowships at Yale and Harvard, where he received a master's degree in history. Academe palled as a career (though not as an avocation: in 1972, he would found the Lehrman Institute, a conservative think tank on Manhattan's swank Upper East Side). In 1964, he went into the family business full-time.

This has been one of the liveliest side issues in the campaign. Lehrman, who has never held public office, emphasizes his business experience. His immigrant grandfather had started a grocery store;

*This is the second of three pieces by NR Senior Editor Richard Brookhiser on the 1982 elections.*



## **"Pure genius."**

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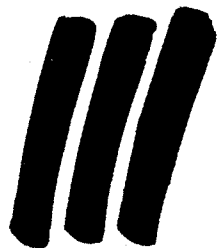
—Lloyd Sachs,  
*Chicago Sun-Times Book Week*



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Its hero, Simon Lynxx, is a man whose appetites and obnoxiousness are as big as life—and the novel is about how he loses his senses. Mano's humor is smart and ruthless. It took him ten years to write *TAKE FIVE*, and we should all be very glad he did."

—*Playboy*



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Permeated by irreverence. Nothing is sacred, no one is spared—conceptual art, New York's borough of Queens, chastity, bestiality, the obese and the obsequious, among others...*TAKE FIVE* is funny, provocative and spirited."

—Sue M. Halpern, *Saturday Review*



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As though Melville and Thomas Mann had collaborated on a confidence man...What Mano tells us about Hollywood, the art world, Episcopalianism, homosexuality, Jewish motherhood, black huckstering, Freud, and white dwarves is savage, but it is also very, very funny...Finally, *TAKE FIVE* is a novel about grace...an astonishing, almost wicked gospel."

—John Leonard, *New York Times*



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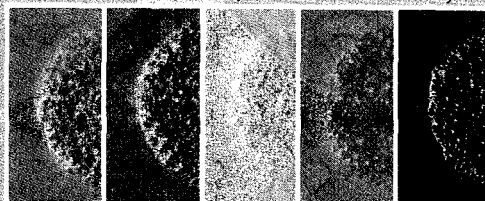
Design is one. Crosswalk has a high-style image you don't often find in high-performance floors. A streamlined look that will beautifully complement any high-tech interior you design.

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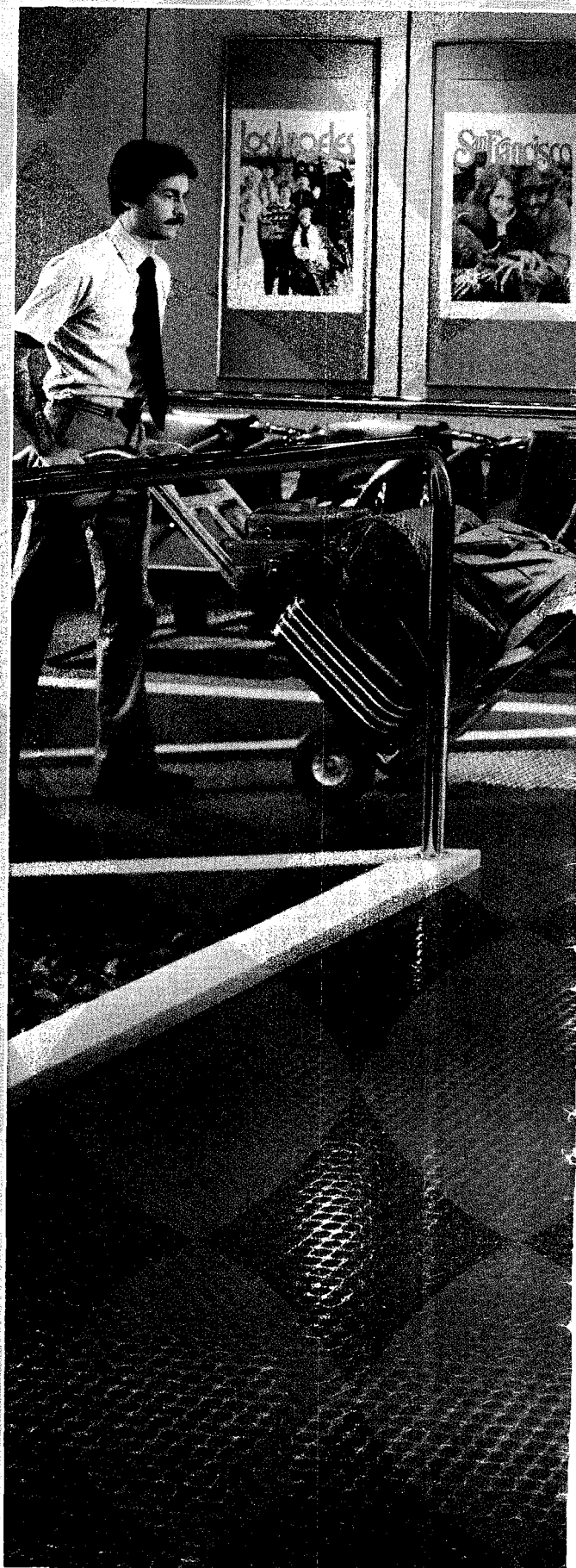
Durable Crosswalk comes in five attractive designer colors. And it installs with fewer seams because it comes in 6'-wide rolls up to 90' long. If you'd like to know more, write Armstrong,

Dept. 26FBD, P.O. Box 3001, Lancaster, PA 17604. We'll show you how Crosswalk can make something beautiful happen to your next high-traffic interior.

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FLINT MICH. 230

in 1962, Alex Grass, his brother-in-law, bought a discount drugstore. For the next decade and a half, Grass and Lehrman built the venture into the multi-million-dollar Rite Aid chain. From 1969 to 1977, Lehrman served as president of the company.

When the governor's race began in earnest, though, tongues started wagging that Lehrman was no business whiz at all, merely a hitchhiker on other people's acumen. *New York* magazine ran a story tabbing Alex Grass as the source of the rumor, and quoting two Rite Aid directors and the senior vice president as saying that Lehrman's role had been central. Grass responded by suing *New York*, while the vice president of the company took out a full-page ad in the *New York Times* running

million of his own money (one-tenth of his fortune), and \$3.4 million of other people's. He was also in a position to take advantage of the state's five-party system, approaching the Conservatives, the recently successful patrons of Senator D'Amato, as a soul-mate. The Conservative Party leadership endorsed him early on; Regan, facing a potentially ruinous primary campaign, and a split of the right-of-center vote even if he secured the GOP nod, decided to seek re-election as controller.

The Republican hierarchy, still not reconciled to the brash nouveau, trundled out as his new opponent Paul Curran, a former United States attorney and as firm a believer in establishmentarianism as Archdeacon Grantly. Curran's positions did not differ that much

except maybe for a few professional predictors who get their occasional bull's-eyes by spraying the landscape with machine-gun fire. The 75 per cent of New Yorkers who like Koch and voted for him last time around, as well as the 25 per cent who detest him and voted against him, were equally assured, or afraid, that they would have him among them for another four years. He suited the city and the city suited him. Would Pierre Boulez conduct the Boston Pops? Would Phil Donahue sub for Alistair Cooke?

Koch's opponent for the Democratic nomination was Lieutenant-Governor Mario Cuomo, the man he had first beaten for mayor five years earlier. Two days before the primary, they debated, under the aegis of the *New York Daily News*, at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel.

Mario Matthew Cuomo was born June 15, 1932 in Queens, N.Y. He is heavy-lidded and dark-haired, and he uses Richard Nixon's razor. But he holds himself erect and speaks with fluency and aplomb. His manner is sober and his arguments run to details—this program, that program. He was also quick on his feet in the debate: he spent one chunk of his allotted time ticking off Koch flip-flops ("You have changed your mind, Ed. You have gone where 51 per cent of the vote went"); Koch started to interject a rebuttal, but the moderator held him to the format. "Unless you want to change that too," Cuomo put in.

Cuomo has, finally, an ability, curiously like Ronald Reagan's, to treat the conventional pieties, well, piously, and not make the audience expect him to wink at them. He closed his summation with a paean to the "high holy day of our political process" (by which he meant, voting day)—the City on the Hill, New York style.

The man, alas, is liberal to the marrow of his knees. (He received the Liberal Party nomination on June 18.) His world consists of a camp of the saints, composed of the little man and the minorities *du jour*, menaced by the wicked. The state is the agent of their salvation; those who would not mobilize it as energetically as he, have as good as gone over to the other side. When Koch supports the death penalty, he is, says Cuomo, "com[ing] out for death." When Koch addressed the Democratic National Strategy Council in Baltimore a year ago and suggested that the party had gone overboard in subservience to

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## **K**och suited the city and the city suited him. Would Pierre Boulez conduct the Boston Pops? Would Phil Donahue sub for Alistair Cooke?

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Lehrman down. The ad was disingenuous, however, rebutting claims that Lehrman had never made.

Taxes have been the second distraction in the Lehrman race—Lehrman's own taxes. From 1969 to 1977, though he had an apartment in New York City, he paid no city or state income taxes. Lehrman's opponents recoil in horror. Lehrman replies that until 1977 he still worked, and kept a residence, in Pennsylvania—an instance, in a way, of his "flight to the Frostbelt" argument—and since then he has paid to the full measure of the stratospheric New York bracket to which he belongs.

Between drugstore openings, he married Louise Stillman, sister of a college friend, and they have five children. He is Jewish, she is Protestant; the children, he says, will decide for themselves.

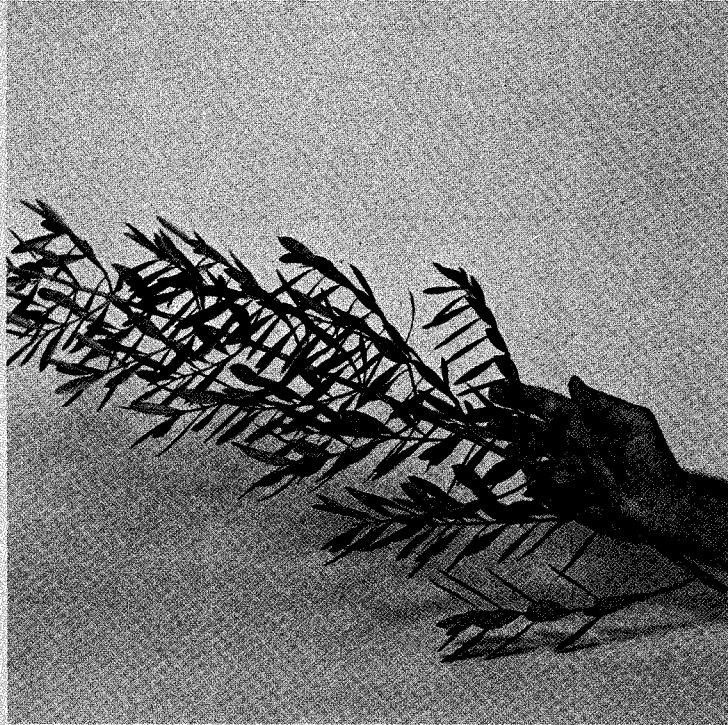
A year ago, the cheery sentiments on the cover of this issue would have been dismissed as insane. Lehrman was politically invisible, and the favorite candidate of those who bind and loose in the New York State Republican Party was Edward Regan, the popular state controller. Lehrman did have two advantages. Money, most obviously. The Lehrman campaign has, as of this writing, spent more than \$7 million—\$3.7

from Lehrman's; on some issues, indeed, he stood to Lehrman's right. Both men opposed state funding of abortions, but Lehrman also opposes a constitutional amendment forbidding them; Curran supported Westway (Manhattan's long-planned West Side highway, and a gross boondoggle, though many conservatives approve of it on the ground that anything liberal environmentalists have worked so long to obstruct can't be all bad), Lehrman opposes it. But Curran enunciated his beliefs much less excitingly—a great plus in the eyes of the regulars. He ran a fairly impolite campaign, on the advice, it is universally said, of pollster Arthur Finkelstein. On primary day, Lehrman buried him, 81 per cent to 19 per cent.

[Koch] WILL SPEND the rest of his political life in the city. Like Italian wine, he doesn't travel well. Koch, for his part, is happy where he is, working, wheedling, shrugging, clowning, hectoring." Edward Koch, Mayor of New York, announced his candidacy for governor three months after those words appeared in *NATIONAL REVIEW*, which was 11 months ago.

So I was no prophet. But then, neither was anyone else in New York City,

# PEACE POWER



**A. Donald Cameron**  
*Colonel, U.S. Army (Ret.)*

The United States, if it would use its military correctly, could bring peace to the world.

Power today is in long-range missiles and all we really need are missiles.

Geographically the United States is lucky, with its oceans and friendly neighbor countries. Russia was set down between powerful adversaries, China and Europe, and like all such countries, must have a big, costly, peacetime army; in addition, there is the dreadfully expensive missile race. How do they keep up?

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special interests, he "cut our throats." Have the Democrats done too much for their special interests? "Hardly enough."

Positively, Cuomo plugged a state version of the ERA, and state funding of whatever abortions the Feds scrimp on—positions Koch shared. He would attack crime "by putting people to work." His solution to New York's wan

Koch's popularity could hope to attempt.

So Koch, fresh from one election, joined the scramble for another. Skepticism, however, proved to be prescient. Koch's perfect political pitch was off from the start. His campaign kickoff was blunted by the simultaneous appearance of the famous *Playboy* inter-

Kemp, the political fugleman of Lew Lehrman's economic school, contemplating a triumphal re-election to Congress. I haven't bothered to look up who his opponent is. It won't matter. In 1978 Kemp carried his district with 95 per cent of the vote; two years later, he slipped to 82 per cent, only 34 points ahead of Reagan.

Listening to Kemp speak is like riding full-speed in a jeep over a pot-holed field. He belongs to a class of speakers (George Bush and, I would argue, Ronald Reagan are two others) who have less than perfectly honed technical skills, but first-class personalities. Personality is not image, which can be faked, but more like what Lincoln had in mind when he said that any man past a certain age was responsible for his face. George Bush's personality is that of an Eagle Scout. Kemp's is that of a young, gung-ho scoutmaster. "Hey, today we're going to *pitch tents!*"

His pitch these days is hard money. "The dollar has lost its usefulness as a standard of value and a medium of exchange, and economic growth has been choked off because the private economy has no way of knowing where we will be next week or next month or next year in terms of inflation or deflation." You shall not crucify mankind on a Cross of Paper.

But the Reagan-Dole tax increase was the main event of the summer. Kemp and sixty-odd other Republicans in the House refused to go along. The Republican Party, he felt, was being cast as a patsy—a tax collector for the Democrats. "If House Democrats want this bill, they will have to pass it themselves." Democrats, Republicans, and the President passed it together.

Kemp's pleasure in the prospect of a fellow supply-sider moving into the State House at Albany is widely said to be diminished by the fact that Lehrman was a great friend, at Yale, of John Bush, brother of George. Would Old Blues bury the hatchet over voodoo economics when the time comes for settling the Reagan succession? And what would that do to the New York delegation in 1988?

For now, though, Kemp has to win another landslide, and keep an eye out for further Republican suicide pacts.

There is also a Senate race in New York, the re-election bid of Senator Moynihan.

The race looked potentially zesty  
(Continues on page 1298)

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**O**ver the course of six years, the possessor of one of the finest minds and certainly the readiest pen in the Senate has brought exactly two issues before the public eye

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economy is the visible hand, disbursing pension funds to create jobs.

Koch's mode is the comic sketch, either as a monologue or with a straight man. One reporter asked why the city had bought half a million dollars' worth of landfill dirt from a convicted mobster. Why not? answered Koch—he had paid his dues and submitted the lowest bid. "Someone wants to put *dirt* on garbage—and we say, nonono? What are *felons* supposed to do?"

Cuomo was not reading his lines, however, and Koch seemed uncomfortable. He was talking, in any case, throughout the debate, for the benefit of radio and TV news audiences, seeking to identify himself as the moderate. "I'm not a captive of the past, unless it worked. My philosophy's common sense, not *e-lit-ism*." He proposed a five-year minimum mandatory sentence for crimes committed with a gun, plus a list of other remedies resembling Lehrman's. A Democrat, he concluded, is someone who has "concern for uplifting the poorest of the poor, and at the same time has concern for the middle class."

The road to the governorship suddenly beckoned to Koch when Hugh Carey—who had been making presidential noises as late as two years ago—decided instead to retire at the end of his term. Koch's justification for his apparent desertion of New York City was that it was no desertion at all—the problems of the city, he had learned, could only be solved in Albany. Critics argued that he had lost the stomach to face the problems. If this is true, then New York may indeed be past praying for, since a real recovery will require actions (chiefly, disciplining the municipal unions) that only a mayor of

view, given months earlier, in which he spoke of hayseed upstaters cavorting in gingham dresses and Sears Roebuck suits. The hayseeds were not amused. The *Oneida Daily Dispatch* printed ballots, mailable to the mayor, saying, "Tell Ed Koch You Don't Want Him."

More seriously, Koch's performance in early debates with Cuomo was lackluster. Though Koch started with a war-chest second only to Lehrman's and a huge lead in Democratic polls, he watched Cuomo catching up, instead of fading away.

The primary vote went 53 per cent to Cuomo, 47 per cent to Koch.

MEANWHILE, up in the northwestern corner of New York State, sits Jack



## MEXICO

*In the last months of his presidency, with the country near bankruptcy, López Portillo made one last lunge for the history books by setting Mexico firmly on the course followed by his hero in statecraft, Fidel Castro*

# From Bad to Worse

GEORGE BYRAM LAKE

*PEMEX and all the state-owned business enterprises are the private property of a group of government officials and [labor union] leaders who in addition to running them badly try to make us believe that said enterprises belong to the Mexican nation. . . .*

*The beneficiaries of the petroleum industry for almost forty years have not been the Mexican people but the privileged caste of leaders, politicians, and functionaries. . . .*

*The government of Mexico is making investments in the petroleum industry as if the current high prices of petroleum would be eternal. . . . Those projects, if carried out, will produce inflation and devaluations worse than those of earlier years.*

—Luis Pazos in *Myths and Realities of Mexican Petroleum*, February 1978

*Nationalization of the banks would permit . . . control of all economic life. . . . The means should be implemented by decree, in a single blow.*

—V. I. Lenin, *Selected Works*, Moscow, 1978, quoted by Pazos, September 1982

SEPTEMBER 1, 1982 marked a watershed in the turbulent history of Mexico and the advent of a grave new worry for the Free World. On that date José López Portillo, the lame-duck president of his near-bankrupt country, singlehandedly and with the histrionics of a Perón or a Hitler expropriated Mexico's banks and put into effect rigid currency controls modeled on those of Communist Cuba, whose ruler he so warmly admires.

When López Portillo faced the television cameras to deliver his last state of the nation address, before an audience of members of Congress, top bureaucrats, and foreign guests, his popularity and credibility were near the vanishing point. In addition to spending billions of dollars of the revenue from oil and gas exports, he had led Mexico into the world's largest foreign debt, a debt far beyond the country's present capacity to pay. He had imposed a hated value-added tax of 10 per cent on the heavily burdened public, printed floods of paper money to pay internal debts, and, with inflation rising toward the 100 per cent level, had been forced to devalue the peso twice in six months.

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*Mr. Lake is an American geologist who has written extensively about Latin America.*

Those devaluations had disastrous consequences. The decline of the peso's value from 4 cents U.S. to less than a penny automatically quadrupled the dollar debts of thousands of Mexican companies. For many of them, government-ordered pay increases, together with clumsy exchange controls that kept them from obtaining essential materials, were a sentence of doom. A wave of plant closings added new thousands to the existing vast army of unemployed. Many of the newly laid-off breadwinners headed for the United States. The Border Patrol, busy as never before, turned back thousands. Other thousands slipped by and joined the millions of "illegals" whose remittances to relatives left behind are Mexico's third largest source of dollars, \$5 to \$8 billion a year.

## Everyone

*must now surrender dollars for pesos*

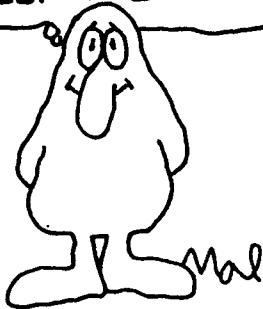
A few weeks before his speech López Portillo had mourned that the devaluations had devalued the presidency itself. Few outside the party denied that he had established an exceptionally solid claim to humility. And so his final *in-forme* was expected to be low-key, with his achievements extolled and his mistakes denied or attributed to malignant forces outside. He would end, it was thought, simply by wishing the country well under the rule of Miguel de la Madrid, his protégé and hand-picked successor, who will be sworn in December 1.

López Portillo followed that script for most of his four-hour speech, not failing to take the usual swipes at the United States for its refusal to join him in admiring the Communist governments of Cuba and Nicaragua and in supporting the guerrillas now busy tearing El Salvador apart. He also warned the developed nations that they must accept a new world economic order involving much greater transfers of wealth to the Third World and its growing number of economic basket-cases. And on and on.

Then he got down to business. "A group of Mexicans, supported by the private banks, have taken more money out of the country in the last two years than the imperialists made off with during the entire history of the country," he said. They now have \$14 billion in bank accounts abroad and \$30 billion in U.S. real estate. This outrageous activity had to be stopped "now or never." Therefore he was revoking the "privilege" the government had given banks to

# helo

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OF PITY, I LIKE  
'SELF' THE BEST!



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WE'LL BE WATCHING YOU!!**



## Fireperson, Save My Child

The flames are licking at your back;  
 The smoke is black as night.  
 The corridor is blocked—when from  
 The window, someone slight,  
 A limp hose in her hand, appears,  
 Her hairdo nicely set:  
 "I'd take you down," she says, "but, sir,  
 My manicure's still wet."

W. H. VON DREELE



W. H. V. Chicago Tribune



do business and expropriating the entire lot—locks, stocks, and vaults—from one end of the republic to the other.

At the same time, he impounded all dollar deposits in Mexican banks—about \$12 billion, a considerable part of it owned by Americans. That money, relabeled *Mex-dólares*, could be withdrawn only as pesos, at rates highly advantageous to the government.

Those pronouncements were greeted with thunderous applause, whistles, gloats, and exultant howls by the president's followers. To them the president, momentarily at any rate, was a hero again. Lázaro Cardenas had made himself immortal by expropriating the oil companies in 1938; López Portillo now would go down in history, not as the author of a prodigious financial bust, but as the man who took the banks away. Talk about turning the tables! Whoopee!

Thus the last flimsy pretense that Mexico is a democracy in practice as well as in theory was wiped out at a single stroke. Two days later, the resemblance of López Portillo's Mexico to totalitarian countries was heightened by a demonstration by one million people, many of whom had been trucked to the Zócalo in Mexico City, to hail their Leader in the rhetoric of the class war. The Mexicans' practice of making their president a god for his six years in office had reached its zenith.

The banking decrees, drafted in haste and deep secrecy, represented a startling and unearned triumph for the Communist Party of Mexico and for the giant Mexican Workers Confederation (CTM). For many years they had demanded expropriation of the banks and currency controls as key steps in the final transformation of Mexico into a socialist state. López Portillo handed them this gift only two months after the Mexican people, in a national election, had overwhelmingly rejected the Communist Party (now disguised as the United Socialist Party—PSUM) and its program for total state control of what has heretofore been a mixed economy.

While the promulgation of the decrees was denounced by a few critics as a dangerous and unconstitutional usurpation of power, without legal or moral legitimacy, the consensus was that nothing could be done until December 1, when

Miguel de la Madrid is sworn into office. The hope for substantial change even then is dim. De la Madrid is a faithful member of the ruling oligarchy who, as Minister of Budget and Planning, helped instigate the inflationary policies that have plunged Mexico into the worst financial crisis of its history—a crisis so grim that Jesús Silva Herzog, the Finance Minister, had to ask creditors for ninety days' grace in paying the interest on Mexico's \$80-billion foreign debt. Civil unrest as grave as the financial debacle could develop rapidly unless de la Madrid acts to slow down inflation, curb the insolence and rapacity of the bureaucracy, and give the people some hope for a brighter future. He has kept a low profile in the chaotic events of recent weeks; some sanguine observers say that will allow him to slow or halt the rush to the left if the public attitude grows threatening.

For the leftward revolutionary sweep of López Portillo's decrees is obvious. They give the government and its Partido Revolucionario Institucional (PRI)—both grown arrogant and corrupt after 52 straight years in power—a stranglehold on business and industry, and control over the financial activities of 72 million Mexicans. Triggered by the financial crunch, the López Portillo decrees will now add to it, as a monopoly on capital has been added to the political monopoly the chiefs of the PRI kleptocracy have so long abused. (The PRI has the same relationship to the Mexican government as the Communist Party of the Soviet Union has to the Kremlin.)

Everyone now, including tourists, must surrender dollars for pesos at an arbitrary low rate. In theory tourists leaving the country can swap their remaining pesos back for dollars, but the authorities had not set up the procedures for doing that two weeks after the decrees, and some indignant tourists found themselves in a bind: they couldn't recover any of their dollars, and they were forbidden by law to take more than 5,000 pesos (\$50) out of the country. "Just like Russia," one said.

Mexican citizens must ask permission to travel or to send money abroad. They are allowed a maximum of \$250 for foreign travel, and that only once a year. Businessmen and young people trying to finish studies abroad were in despair.

Gold and silver coins and expensive jewelry are contraband, and departing travelers were at first subjected to body searches by enthusiastic customs guards. (That practice at least has been curbed; now only definite suspects are to be searched.) Baggage is scrutinized, of course, and contraband seized, with fines and jail sentences for the guilty. Arbitrary edicts, the public is learning, rarely come singly. New rules or revisions are issued daily.

In his address, the president warned that he had a list of the *sacadólares* and that if they didn't bring the money back in thirty days there would be trouble. Many of the biggest of those malefactors were at that moment in the throng trying to give the president an *abrazo* for his daring action.

A spokesman for Acción Nacional, one of the half-dozen tolerated minor parties, scoffed at the threat, and re-



peated his charge that 95 per cent of the money in question had been taken abroad by present or past government functionaries. "More publicity for them is the last thing the administration wants," he said.

One newspaper even charged that the main reason the government expropriated the banks was to seize and destroy documents identifying bureaucratic culprits. Every Mexican able to read knows who some of them are. Photographs of their California, Texas, and Connecticut estates have been published in U.S. newspapers and even in some Mexican periodicals, whose owners, wholly dependent upon the government for newsprint and for much of their advertising, may in the present climate regret their temerity.

## López Portillo

### *simply needed a scapegoat*

While the Mexican people struggle with skyrocketing prices, sporadic shortages of essential foods, graft, rising crime in which the police often are implicated, and deteriorating transport, garbage collection, and many other services, life has suddenly been made still more difficult for them. The exercise of ancient rights has become a criminal offense. Some business-association spokesmen were reported under surveillance in Mexico City and Monterrey (where a gigantic equestrian statue of López Portillo is nearing completion), and the first whiffs of a police state have raised the anxious question: What next?

In expropriating the 37 banking systems and all their properties in cities and towns throughout the republic, the government shoved 200,000 bank employees into the arms of labor unions, which had been unable in years of trying to win many of them by persuasion.

Of much greater importance, the government acquired several hundred industrial and commercial enterprises owned outright or in major part by the banks. These firms, added to the nine hundred business concerns already run by the government, raised the government's share of the nation's economic activity to 70 per cent or more. The existing *para-estatales*, or state businesses, all of them run by politicians, through graft, inefficiency, and gross over-staffing, account for 60 per cent of all government revenues. Spokesmen for the dwindling business community predict, in the light of that record, that the banks, once the bureaucrats are in charge, will have to be subsidized too.

Officials insistently assured the public that bank deposits not already seized were perfectly safe. But in explaining the dollar grab one of them unconsciously echoed Marilyn Monroe's explanation for posing in the nude: "We needed the money." Some bank clients, fearing the sudden discovery of other government needs, hastened to close their peso accounts and empty their safe-deposit boxes.

Many Mexicans resent the government's concealment of its desperate financial plight in the weeks before the July presidential election. Officials from López Portillo on down declared vehemently and often that the worst was over, wise steps by the authorities having put the nation back on the road to recovery and prosperity for all. They promised there would be no more abrupt devaluations, and denounced exchange controls as unconscionable, unthinkable, and unworkable.

Even as they spoke, the same officials were scouring the

world for emergency billion-dollar loans to stave off default and were almost epileptically busy with plans for imposing exchange controls and for seizing as a forced loan every dollar they could lay their hands on. Not until well after the voting was over and their man safely elected did they admit the gravity of the crisis, and then grudgingly and by degrees. Their well-earned reputation for saying one thing and doing another remained unsullied.

The cover-up put another hole in the regime's claim to legitimacy in its waning days. Luis Pazos, who in his column had warned almost every week since 1978 that López Portillo's inflationary policies were leading to disaster, said that if the government had issued its drastic monetary decrees before the election, it would have lost by a wide margin. It had no mandate for sweeping change.

In denouncing the bankers as scoundrelly traitors, López Portillo was following the time-hallowed practice of first vilifying those you intend to despoil. The charge was nonsense, the bankers said; their conduct was not only legal but obligatory. Depositors' right to their money on demand is the foundation stone of the banking business in Mexico and elsewhere in the Free World. López Portillo simply needed a scapegoat, and the bankers were it.

Mystery surrounds the failure of the government to stop the flight of dollars months ago when it could have done so overnight by a directive from the Bank of Mexico. Suspicions once thought unworthy are no longer inadmissible: specifically, the suspicion that an acute crisis was wanted as justification for the expropriation. Few outside bankers think bureaucratic operation of the banks will help restore solvency. On the contrary, many predict it will make the country's plight rapidly worse. Certainly it opens broad new avenues for smuggling, black marketeering, and official graft.

## 'Marxist-Leninists'

### *abound in the higher levels of government*

Interests far beyond those of Mexico are hanging on the outcome of events there in the next few months. Although rumors of assassinations, *golpes de estado*, and troop movements fly singly and in flocks, it seems likely that there will be a nervous peace until the people see what course their new president takes.

At stake financially may be the solvency of several of the 150 international banks (including the nine largest in the U.S.) that have lent billions to Mexico and now must pour in a few more to avert collapse. Politically the danger that events might sweep Mexico from its present amorphous socialism into undisguised Communism (complete with repudiation of debts) can be ignored no longer. While the radical Left is numerically weak, "Marxist-Leninists" abound in higher levels of government, in the press, and in the universities, several of which they control. The eyes of Castro, whose military machine far outclasses the Mexican army, and of his Moscow masters still are fixed on Mexico's rich oilfields.

For those reasons among many, the United States was the first to rush help—\$2-billion worth for starters—when Mexico's payments crisis erupted. Further U.S. help may be slower in coming. Both the United States Treasury and the International Monetary Fund were surprised and shocked

*(Continues on page 1297)*

JEFFREY HART

## Raising Hackles In Darkest New Hampshire

C. H. SIMONDS

DAYS LIKE THIS, the Commissar of Tourism should close the borders of New Hampshire: not-winter, not-spring, January thaw; plenty of snow heaped about, but none recently—it looks used. Underfoot, grey amoeboid slush that penetrates any footgear, even unto mink-oiled Bean boots; overhead, blank clouds. The ladies and gentlemen of Dartmouth slouch, troglodyte-pale; Winter Carnival ice sculptures, Romantic or Rabelaisian, have blurred into bad Henry Moores.

Ah, yes—Midwinter Slump: one remembers it well. Of course, up here in Ultima Thule, it *would* hit harder. The only cure is spring, or a howling blizzard followed by sunny skies; one feels as remote as the other, just now.

Is it possible that *NR* senior editor Jeffrey Hart beats his way southward from this Arctic encampment twice a month to perform his observances at the magazine? In fact, he does, flying from Lebanon, N.H. on Sunday evening, presiding—in the absence of WFB—over the regular Monday editorial conference, making assignments, editing the editorial copy, writing a goodly chunk of it himself.

And yet, bigod, here he is in an elegant dark-paneled seminar room at Dartmouth College. For two hours, I am back in school, a student again, elevated from Williams to this northern outpost of the Ivy League. Cheerfully unaffected, beefy face radiating, resembling someone met in a tavern while visiting a Dickens novel, Professor Hart carries on. The seminar is on Swift and Orwell. It is late afternoon; everyone arrives seeming a bit elsewhere; the two blonde exchange co-eds from Sunny California might well be in shock. The question of the moment: Just where was the good dean coming from? Spirits begin to pick up. Yes, his satire suggests he wants us to be kind, patient, moderate, “civilized”—or is he in fact ridden by his own nightmare vehicles: eaten babies, Yahoos, Floating Islands, Houy-

nhnms? “Are the energies *here*, or are they over *here*?” We’re off.

Clearly, the students are getting their parents’ money’s worth. Hart is an encouraging/facilitating, rather than a directing/performing, teacher; they can read and chew their assignments undistracted by the compulsion to come up with that special little *aperçu* His Nibs desires. His style is lively but unobtrusive (one had feared a little, learning that his “Readings in English and American Literature” is Dartmouth’s most popular elective, that he might turn out to be of that dreadful breed, the Flashy English Prof—like the gent one had avoided as an undergraduate, Professor Hunt, who would announce, every first meeting, what female part his name rhymed with, humiliate dullards, get selected students monumentally drunk, and otherwise wow the peasantry).

Though he does not cater to his students, Hart enjoys them. He resembles not at all the Harvard professor he loves to tell of, the *sehr gelehrte* type who confessed that he always became physically ill at the sight of an undergraduate. He socializes with them—on his terms: “He has a very polite way of telling you it’s time to leave,” says one.



“Around two o’clock or so, he goes to the bathroom and never comes back.”

He is a delightful companion in revelry. The Hart Guffaw—it starts as a chuckle, erupts into full-gale, gut-shaking laughter, trails off in a giggle diminuendo—is infectious, and can clear a restaurant, at least when the only other diners are a serious little couple who look very much as if they’ve come twenty miles chiefly not to be noticed.

### Witches for Real

Hart grew up in Forest Hills, N.Y. in middle-class circumstances. He attended Dartmouth for two years, then, drawn by its English Department, transferred to Columbia, where he earned his BA in 1952.

“In those days, the liberal-conservative split wasn’t really a dramatic thing. You were a Republican or a Democrat; I was mostly literary-academic, but I agreed with my parents, so I voted Republican.” Came the McCarthy Terror, and the split defined itself. Hart was in the Navy by then, in intelligence. “I went into the question, as was a habit of mine, in a scholarly way. I read all the hearings that were going on, and concluded that some of the witches were real. I suppose you might say I moved to the right, though I wouldn’t have seen it as that at the time.”

Out of the Navy (and with an MA from Boston University picked up along the way), Hart returned to Columbia to enter the PhD program. Wandering around Hamilton Hall, course cards in hand, he was shanghaied to teach a freshman English course; two days later, the appointment became full-time, in the Humanities program: “I had to teach the *Iliad*, which I hadn’t read, so we talked about tragedy for the first hour; then I caught up.”

He earned his doctorate while teaching full-time, and stayed on. At first there were no problems; then, in 1960, he met Ernest van den Haag at a party, who introduced him to Bill Buckley, who brought him into *NATIONAL REVIEW* via the book section. He did his first review; then: “There was a dramatic contretemps. I had dinner with Lionel Tril-

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*Mr. Simonds, a former Contributing Editor of NATIONAL REVIEW, now teaches at Indian Mountain School, Lakeville, Conn.*

ling at the Columbia faculty club, and he asked me just how far my conservatism went. I told him I was fairly mainstream, not John Birch or anything, and Lionel said, 'You wouldn't, for instance, review books for NATIONAL REVIEW, would you?' Since I had just mailed the goddam thing in, I had to say I'd review for just about anything as long as they gave me the space. Lionel took that as reassuring."

Ultimately, Trilling et al. found out; "Columbia didn't come to an end, so they forgot about it." Not entirely. Hart omits to mention (professional courtesy?) that he was denied tenure at Columbia, and so went to Dartmouth in 1963.

## RR's Sorensen

He has been there ever since; he obviously finds it as comfortable as the jeans and lumpy sweater he teaches in. There is agreeable recreation: "I find skiing necessary in this environment, where winter can be depressing." There is time to write: three newspaper columns a week, and books—the most recent is *When the Going Was Good\**, a revisionist view of the 1950s. There is liberty to venture to *NR* (and, not incidentally, to New York's theaters and restaurants) fortnightly, and to make occasional longer forays. In 1968, when Richard Nixon seemed through, Ronald Reagan was eyeing the Presidency. "He was dining with Bill Buckley, who told him, 'Ron, if you really want to run, you need a Sorensen'—someone who weaves quotations from Heraclitus into the candidate's speeches." Buckley recommended Hart, who took a term off and went to Sacramento. After Nixon's comeback at the convention that summer, Hart was hired to write speeches for that campaign. Nixon won; Hart could have taken a job in his Administration, but chose to return to teaching.

He wrote for Nixon again in 1972; his favorite memory of that round falls in the clouded-crystal-ball category: "Colson was running the campaign—he was then once-born—and he asked me what we should do about Watergate. I said, 'Ignore it—it'll go away; it's just a prank.'"

Now, he enjoys his agreeable rut. Much of his hobnobbing with students centers on *The Dartmouth Review*, a weekly paper launched a few years back

to provide an alternative to the frumpy, college-subsidized *Daily Dartmouth*—*Al Ahram*, Hart calls it. His son Ben, just graduated and working on a book on Dartmouth that some folks are nervous about, was a founder. Hart himself has helped line up support from alumni and from conservative luminaries, contributes frequently, and functions, one suspects, as a kind of elder anti-statesman, ever vigilant lest the kids take themselves or their enterprise too seriously (his impatience with "young fogies" is well known). The *Review*, like Hart, is sometimes outrageous, though not fecklessly so.

He has attained the level where inquisitory dinners with the mandarins don't happen; are there ideological problems? "Oh, there are people who won't talk to me. Socially, I think I get along fine. The college respects my publications, and, though somewhat puzzling, my public career is appreciated, I think. Also, there are quite a few more conservatives on the faculty than admit to it. They always say, 'I like what you're doing, but please don't quote me.'" Yes. One wonders if anyone else at Dartmouth has a picture of Pinochet on his office wall, or for that matter a little black bag that laughs hysterically when picked up, not to mention the cunningly

carved item that, when cranked, drums its tiny wooden fingers ("My department meeting boredom indicator").

Nowadays, the flak comes from the other direction. There were rumbles for several years; last fall, Hart's *NR* piece entitled "An Intelligent Woman's Guide to Modern American Conservatism" brought a barrage, from fogies of all ages. His openness to modern art, music, and literature and his suggestion that many conservatives overemphasize the importance of traditional sexual morality seem to have especially offended. *When the Going Was Good*, celebrating the popular culture of the 1950s, is bound to raise more hackles.

"I suggest that a conservative can like the Brooklyn Dodgers and Jackson Pollock; he can enjoy *I Love Lucy* and Paul Tillich. I guess the image of the self that emerges from the book is a kind of omni-curious person. I find that too many conservatives reject large areas of modern culture. This by no means represents a change in my orientation, since I've been dealing with modern literature and art and music for thirty years."

Might he be neglecting the other side? "Not at all." Hart points to a recent column in the *Dartmouth Review*, "Black Is Boring." "That stirred things up a bit." □

## Glorobots

A robot was having conniptions  
At reading handwritten inscriptions  
But acquired the knack  
By decoding a stack  
Of typical doctors' prescriptions.

An old robot thought it was hell  
That he was unable to tell  
How feeble he got,  
Since it was his lot  
To be terminal even when well.

The robot a young couple trusted  
To baby-sit, just up and busted,  
For it dandled the wee  
Young thing on its knee  
Changed a wet diaper—and rusted.

An electronic labman equips  
Robots for political trips  
With circuitous data  
And layout schemata  
And big mouths with falsified lips.

—GLORIA A. MAXSON

\*Published by Crown, September 16, 1982.

# Books Arts & Manners

## The Habit of Thinking

FORREST McDONALD

*Dictatorships and Double Standards:  
Rationalism and Reason in Politics*  
By Jeane J. Kirkpatrick

Simon and Schuster, 270 pp.,  
\$14.95

Shortly after the 1976 presidential election, Professor Jeane J. Kirkpatrick published an astute analysis of why the conservative majority that had seemingly emerged in 1972 failed to carry the day. Part of her argument was that the conservative movement had three distinct bases. One, primarily economic in orientation, was concerned about property rights, the tax level, the welfare state, and excessive regulation; a second, cultural at base, was concerned about traditional values, order, law, and the decline of public and private morality; and a third, oriented toward foreign policy, was concerned about national defense and the spread of Communism. Hard-core conservatives shared attitudes in all three areas, but most voters who supported conservative candidates held conservative views in only one or two of the areas and were decidedly nonconservative in the others. The conservative majority was thus not a majority but a coalition, cohesive only when the combination of candidates and circumstances was such as to make all three sets of concerns seem salient.

If the analysis is disturbing, gentle reader, do not despair: it is but one example of the almost audacious perspicacity that the Honorable Mrs. Kirkpatrick brings to a variety of subjects in this collection of essays, and most will be more to your liking. Consider, for example, the by-now-celebrated title essay, in which among other things she points out why right-wing autocracies are likely to be far less repressive than left-wing autocracies. Those of the Right are based upon history and tradition. They leave intact existing arrangements regarding wealth and status, which normally means that the masses are extremely poor; but they also leave intact church, family, and accustomed patterns of social behavior. Preserving the familiar not only makes the lot of the poor more bearable—with occasional

exceptions “such societies create no refugees”—it also places strong limits on the power the autocrat can exercise. (As a Spanish fisherman once told the late Robert Roark, “Franco doesn’t tell me how to fish, and I don’t tell Franco how to run the government.”)

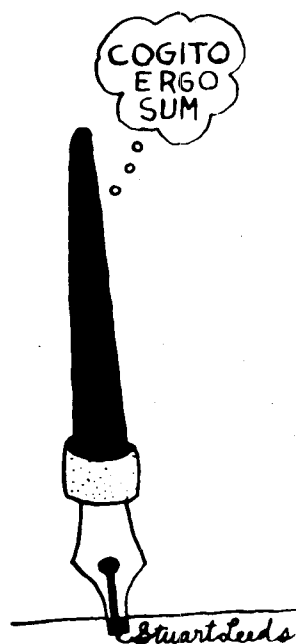
Left-wing dictatorships, by contrast, being based upon the rationalist spirit, recognize that history and tradition are barriers to “progress,” to their aim of “revolutionizing society, culture, and personality,” and are therefore their veriest enemies. Revolutionary Communist regimes “create refugees by the millions because they claim jurisdiction over the whole life of the society and make demands for change that so violate internalized values and habits” that flight is the only alternative to disorientation and/or slaughter.

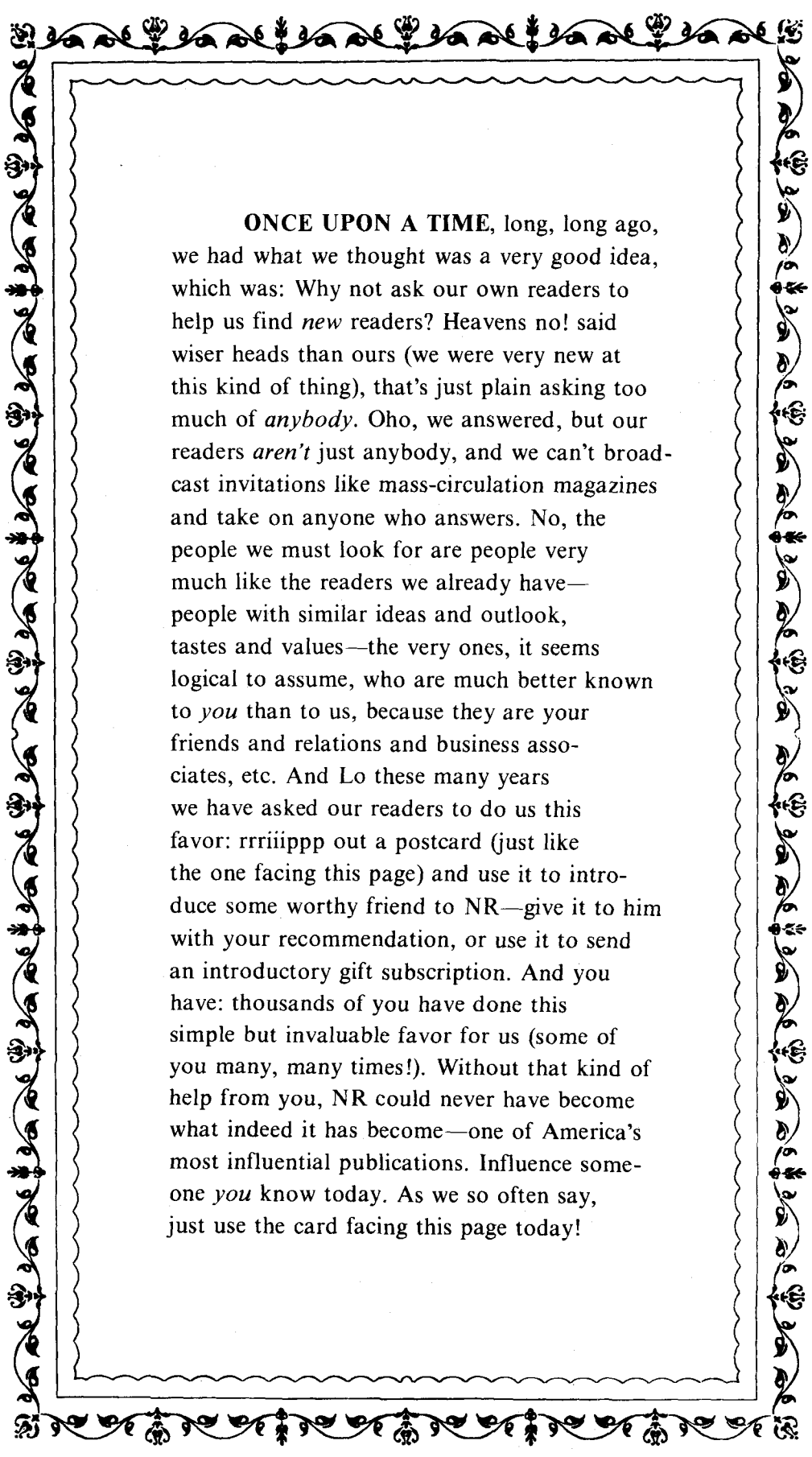
And yet it is a grave mistake for the West to regard Marxist Communism itself as the enemy.

Mrs. Kirkpatrick’s analysis on this score is so powerful, so persuasive, and—once she has made it—so obvious that even the State Department should be able to understand and act upon it. Quite early on, the Bolsheviks learned that Marxism, as a statement of the inexorable laws of history, bore no relation to what happens in real life. Lenin tried to adjust the laws accordingly, but soon gave it up and developed instead a system of revolutionary “tactics” based upon the understanding that people, not abstract “forces,” determine the course of events. Marxist mumbo-jumbo became just that: ritualistic incantations periodically uttered to pacify the masses at home and to confuse the enemy abroad. To the Soviets, Marxism is neither a bible nor a blueprint: it is a weapon.

American policymakers, having failed to grasp these crucial facts, have been repeatedly outmaneuvered by enemies who are weaker both morally and physically. Like Napoleon, who based his Russian policy on the spurious Testament of Peter the Great, the United States has let itself be guided by a false perception that gives the Soviet Union and its client states an incalculable advantage. American intellectuals and government officials, operatively influenced by Marxian patterns of thought that Soviet Communism long ago discarded, have “the habit of thinking about

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ONCE UPON A TIME, long, long ago, we had what we thought was a very good idea, which was: Why not ask our own readers to help us find *new* readers? Heavens no! said wiser heads than ours (we were very new at this kind of thing), that's just plain asking too much of *anybody*. Oho, we answered, but our readers *aren't* just anybody, and we can't broadcast invitations like mass-circulation magazines and take on anyone who answers. No, the people we must look for are people very much like the readers we already have—people with similar ideas and outlook, tastes and values—the very ones, it seems logical to assume, who are much better known to *you* than to us, because they are your friends and relations and business associates, etc. And Lo these many years we have asked our readers to do us this favor: rrrriipp out a postcard (just like the one facing this page) and use it to introduce some worthy friend to NR—give it to him with your recommendation, or use it to send an introductory gift subscription. And you have: thousands of you have done this simple but invaluable favor for us (some of you many, many times!). Without that kind of help from you, NR could never have become what indeed it has become—one of America's most influential publications. Influence someone *you* know today. As we so often say, just use the card facing this page today!

## RANDOM NOTES

■ **MORE OCTOBER TITLES:** George F. Kennan's latest book is *The Nuclear Delusion: Soviet-American Relations in the Atomic Age* (Pantheon, \$13.95), which seeks to discredit the idea that what he calls the "nuclear explosive" is a moral or pragmatic instrument of war. (Unfortunately for him, Kennan has fatally compromised anything he might ever write on the subject of the United States v. the Soviet Union by his immortal asseveration of a few years ago in the *New York Times Magazine* that it is better to be Red than dead "because when you're dead, that's it.")

*The Hidden-Hand Presidency: Eisenhower as Leader* (Basic, \$16.95), by Fred L. Greenstein, is yet another volume contributing to the favorable reassessment of Eisenhower and the 1950s, by a man who considers like to have been a tough-minded and skillful political realist.

political alignments in terms of economic classes," whereas "Communist leaders often behave as if they regarded social and economic structure as irrelevant to the struggle for power. . . . There is a double irony in the fact that when we concentrate on the development of an economic infrastructure in an underdeveloped country to halt the spread of Communism, we are projecting to the local Communist movement an economic character which it claims but does not have, because of beliefs we have but do not claim."

ON DOMESTIC affairs, alas, Mrs. Kirkpatrick occasionally misses the mark. For example, she asserts that American political parties have traditionally linked "society to government in such a way that rulers and governments are subordinated to the society." It was never thus; from the earliest days, American parties have performed an important social ritual by managing elections in such a way as to convince people "that rulers and governments are subordinated to the society," but in reality the popular partisan electoral system has virtually nothing to do with the way power is exercised in Washington and the state capitals. Conservatives, unfortunately, do not understand this nearly so well as do the Tip O'Neills and the Robert Doles.

More disturbingly, Mrs. Kirkpatrick reveals, in an essay called "Regulation,

Lucy Dawidowicz's *On Equal Terms: Jews in America 1881-1981* (Holt, \$12.95) is a revised version of a piece written for *The American Jewish Yearbook* in which the author hymns the accomplishments of "the shortest-lived proletarian class" and reiterates the theory that "Jews can flourish in an open and pluralistic society."

*George Orwell: A Personal Memoir* (Macmillan, \$13.95), by Tosco Fyvel—himself a (deservedly) well-known British author and critic of the modern intelligentsia—is a fine portrait of Orwell as man and author. Fyvel, who knew Orwell between 1940 and 1950, when the two men worked together on a Labor Party weekly, unabashedly describes him as a genius.

George Reedy, formerly Senate aide to LBJ and later his presidential press secretary, has written *Lyndon Johnson: A Memoir* (Andrews and McNeel, \$12.95), in which he portrays his master as a heavy drinker, a womanizer, a bully, a whiner—in short, "an insufferable bastard" with streaks of populist (i.e., New Dealish) greatness. —CW

can understand them, whether said lawyers and counselors are really eager to have the regulations demystified.

But such lapses are uncommon, and far from enough to outweigh the wisdom of most of the book. One could quote dozens of passages that testify to that wisdom. I offer what, on balance, I think is my favorite: "It is a basic article of faith in the American creed that for every ill there is a remedy; by now experience . . . should have taught that . . . for every remedy there is probably an ill." □

### *Prejudices: A Philosophical Dictionary*

By Robert Nisbet

Harvard, 318 pp., \$17.50

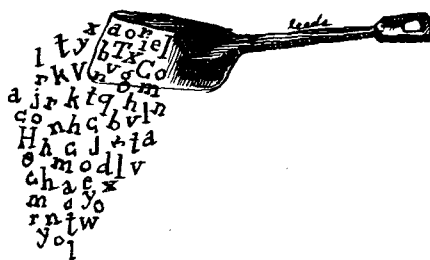
## OPENING ON SOMETHING

JOSEPH SOBRAN

*Prejudices: A Philosophical Dictionary* is a loose-fitting title. Robert Nisbet has actually written a collection of short essays (about seventy) and arranged them alphabetically by topic: abortion, alienation, anomie, atheism, authoritarianism, and so on, down to war, wit. By his own confession this doesn't qualify as a reference book. But you can waste time profitably with it.

Idiosyncratic, is what it is. Learnedly so. Robert Nisbet knows practically everything, and he wants to get a lot of things off his chest. At his worst, he annoys. He can be peevish, snobbish, and then some. He generalizes too much, and demands that you take his word for it all. At his best he makes you feel that this is what learning is for: knowledge shaped by personality, the very thing reference books can't give. Even when he gets well-nigh insufferable, you want to read a little more.

Consider one of the worst pieces in the book, the leadoff essay on abortion. It runs eight pages. First Nisbet cites what is known about ancient views of abortion and the family, making a strong argument that the availability of the one need not in any way subvert the cohesion of the other. In fact, he contends, taking the abortion decision away from the family is a step toward despotism. You can disagree, but Nisbet has



taken the issue far beyond the familiar terrain of the current debate.

He proceeds to suggest that society handled abortion best during the long period when it was in a "twilight zone": disreputable, even illegal, but common, and not a subject of public contention. He observes that the "zeal" for "killing one's own fetus" has become a kind of sacrament of anti-family forces.

Then, abruptly, he launches into a diatribe against "aggressive anti-abortionists," who are "soldiers of righteousness" full of "inquisitorial cruelty." What was "killing" the fetus becomes, in a reversion to Orwellian cliché, "terminating a pregnancy." The fetus is demoted to the status of "fertilized egg," even, presumably, when it can move and feel pain. We are instructed that "dogmatic insistence upon the sanctity of any and all fetuses is clearly [!] at odds with Pauline Christianity." Sounding a bit like Timon of Athens, Nisbet denies "sanctity" to any fetus that may be the result of "odious liaisons" between, say, rapist and victim, father and daughter.

**T**HIS IS A muddled argument, especially coming as it does on the heels of his concession that "all life is sacred." Yet we ought to weigh it carefully, even if our reason takes us to different conclusions. Nisbet plays another strong card when he appeals to Burkean "expediency," understood as "respectful recognition of the powerful and necessary role in human existence of privacy, use and wont, tradition, and practicality, not to forget larger or long-range consequences." One can't call this line of argument simplistic, but Nisbet is at least grossly unfair to see "totalitarian" leanings behind the drive to outlaw the abortion trade. Most anti-abortionists—especially by comparison with their opponents—are strong believers in limited government.

I cite this article at such length not only because it makes me maddest, but because it shows how conservative Nisbet is even when he strikes me as wrong-headed. His concern is always for the social fabric. And this concern makes him a sharp and sweeping commentator on bureaucracy, judicial activism, liberalism, militarism, and "victimology." He recoils from centralized power in any form and sees clearly that it is the enemy of tradition: "The lover of political power, a liberal is the knee-jerk adversary of all moral authority."

The key to approaching Nisbet is to understand that he really loves the past. He *knows* the past. He doesn't want to "return" to it, not because this is impossible, but because there is so much of it—and we live with it anyway. Even to think of "returning" to it is to misconceive it. We progress by constantly absorbing its experience, and Nisbet writes keenly about the natural sciences as well as feudalism, until you begin to feel not only that he knows everything but that he appreciates it all. That is why he hates the arrogance of revolutionary ideologies that declare war on whatever has preceded them. He is an exceedingly open-minded curmudgeon.

Yet I keep feeling that something is missing from his vision of things. I don't quite know what to call it—maybe a certain Aristotelian vigor that, instead of just reacting, seeks to define and resolve. Nisbet has made up his mind and taken sides, but his conclusions are somehow incomplete. True, this is a batch of "prejudices," not a *summa*. But if you're going to raise the subject of fetuses, you ought to mention whether you think they have immortal souls, not just how society ought to regard killing them. That goes for adults too. Christianity is good for society, and society is good for man, but Christianity is good for man in a larger sense, isn't it? So the book is not very satisfying. Merely stimulating. As Chesterton says, an open mind, like an open mouth, should close on something. □

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*Separation of Church and State:  
Historical Fact and Current Fiction*  
By Robert L. Cord  
Lambeth Press, 302 pp., \$16.95

## THE AMERICAN SOLUTION

ELLEN WILSON

"Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof . . ."

In our own time it is axiomatic that no religion should receive preferred status from the state—nor should any religion be discriminated against. The legislated atheism of Communist governments and the theocracy of isolated places such as Iran earn not only phil-

osophical but also stylistic criticism: don't they realize, we ask ourselves, that this sort of thing just isn't *done* any more? To the average Western liberal, Russia's official anti-religion is not only abhorrent and detestable but also an index of Communism's social backwardness, like ill-fitting suits or outmoded automobiles.

But religious tolerance is, historically speaking, a recent development, and one initially owing more to necessity (the collapse of religious unity after the Protestant Reformation) than to philosophical conviction. Perhaps this is one reason why questions of religious freedom and the establishment of religion are so poorly thought out—why, therefore, American courts and legislatures squabble interminably over those tell-tale "hard cases" that betray the fundamental compromise of the American solution.

In the second half of this century, such inconsistencies have impelled our highest Court closer and closer to an extreme "separation of church and state" line, fortified by the scholarly writings of that father of secular humanism, Leo Pfeffer. Robert Cord's self-assigned task in this careful, conscientious book is the formulation of an historically sound challenge and alternative to this view.

Establishment-of-religion cases, won or lost, are argued largely on historical grounds, and so Mr. Cord first explores the circumstances surrounding the passage of the First Amendment. He reminds us of the European models of state-established churches that the youthful America was reacting against; he quotes *explications de texte* offered by Madison and others to those uncertain of the implications of the establishment clause. He reviews the writings of Madison and Jefferson on church/state questions (including Madison's "Memorial and Remonstrance against Religious Assessments," a key text for Pfeffer and Company). Taken together, the evidence leads Cord to conclude that,

. . . regarding religion, the First Amendment was intended to accomplish three purposes. First, it was intended to prevent the establishment of a national church or religion, or the giving of any religious sect or denomination a preferred status. Second, it was designed to safeguard the right of freedom of conscience in religious beliefs against invasion solely by the national government. Third, it was so constructed in order to allow the states, unimpeded,

to deal with religious establishments and aid to religious institutions as they saw fit.

And that's all. To require a "high and impregnable" wall between church and state (the quotation is Justice Black's improvement on Jefferson) is to condemn the actions of the first Congress, which voted itself an official, paid chaplain (Madison was on the committee recommending appointment). It is to make inexplicable the behavior of our first generation of Presidents, who regularly issued official Thanksgiving Day proclamations invoking the protection of God. President Jefferson himself violated the canons of the Leo Pfeffer school: in one of the most fascinating revelations of the book, Mr. Cord describes an Indian treaty, ratified by the U.S. Senate at the recommendation of that high priest of separationism, Thomas Jefferson, which provided that

whereas, The greater part of the said tribe have been baptized and received into the Catholic Church to which they are much attached, the United States will give annually for seven years \$100 toward the support of a priest of that religion, who will engage to perform for the said tribe the duties of his office and also to instruct as many of their children as possible in the rudiments of literature. And the United States will further give the sum of \$300 to assist the said tribe in the erection of a church.

This was not a solitary instance. Throughout the nineteenth century the United States gave money to Christian groups sending missionaries to the Indians. That the goal was secular (the education and "civilization" of the tribes) and the means nondiscriminatory (money was awarded to just about any church-group willing to take on the job) seemed to courts, legislatures, and ordinary citizens sufficient justification.

How did this somewhat free and easy attitude change? In the opening decades of this century the Supreme Court gradually reinterpreted the Fourteenth Amendment's due-process clause to include the Bill of Rights. These rights were now constitutionally guaranteed under state laws as well as federal ones. Inevitably, establishment-clause cases involving or challenging state laws began finding their way to the Supreme Court. Some of these cases concerned aid to parochial schools; others, Sunday-closing laws, or church tax exemptions, or school prayer. In a long series of decisions, beginning with the 1947 "Paro-

chial School Transportation Case," *Everson v. Board of Education*, the Supreme Court justices laboriously raised that "wall of separation" they believed it their duty to enforce.

The construction job proceeded even when the Court's majority opinion was unfavorable to hard-core separationists. In order to allow parochial-school pupils to ride buses paid for by the state, Justice Black relied on a child-benefit argument: the intent of the law in question was to benefit the *child*, rather than the religious establishment; hence, separation of church and state was not violated, even though religion might also benefit. But once this distinction was made, attention unavoidably focused on the point of intersection between "child's interest" and "church's interest." The result was an asymptotic effort to discriminate ever more cleanly between the two, in the course of which the "no excessive entanglement" condition was born.

**S**ELDOM HAS A guideline proved less helpful. In the past few decades judicial confusion has mounted, multiplying the number of separate concurring and dissenting opinions in important establishment-of-religion cases. Perhaps the reductio ad absurdum was reached in the 1977 case of *Wolman v. Walter*, which tested an Ohio statute that supplied non-public-school students with a wide range of educational materials and services. Cord opens his discussion of the very complicated, almost anarchic court opinion as follows:

The major opinion of the case by Justice Blackmun has eight parts identified by Roman numerals that deal with specific substantive aids in the Ohio law. . . . An opinion of the Court written by Blackmun occurs in Parts I, V, VII, and VIII, and a plurality opinion by Blackmun occurs in Parts II, III, and IV in which he is joined by Chief Justice Burger and Justices Stewart and Powell.

Like partners in a country dance, the justices then meet and part in separate opinions, which in places concur with and in places dissent from Justice Blackmun's.

We find ourselves in an age when the American Civil Liberties Union can campaign against the singing of Christmas carols in public schools, and challenge the right of religious people to lobby for anti-abortion laws. In such a time a thorough and wide-ranging in-

vestigation of church/state relations is not a luxury, but a necessity. Robert Cord has undertaken this task for us, and he is to be commended for the scrupulous care with which he has carried it out. □

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### *The Four Wise Men*

By Michel Tournier

Doubleday, 223 pp., \$14.95

## PRECIOUS AND PRECIOUSER

D. KEITH MANO

Balthasar, the second wise man, is in Bethlehem at zero B.C. mostly to deliver a new school of art. Nazareth Realism, Michel Tournier might call it. God (remember your Genesis) fresh-minted man in His image *and* likeness. Not divine redundancy that, Balthasar will explain. We still model the image or outward form of God. Original sin, however, has leached likeness (truly holy essence) from us. A nice semantic diagnosis there, maybe even useful. "Now we see why the representation of man in painting and sculpture has been cursed: in producing *an image without a likeness*, these arts make themselves accomplice in an imposture. Fired with fanatical zeal, the clergy persecute the figurative arts, destroying even the sublimest works of the human genius. . . . One day perhaps fallen man will be redeemed and regenerated by a hero or a savior . . . then painters and sculptors will be able to practice their art, which will have recovered the sacred dimension." God incarnate is photo-real. For Balthasar, the manger scene became our first naturalistic (and lower-middle-class) subject. I don't know about Tournier's theological insight, but his art history is accurate enough. That Great Obstetrical Moment lowered the tone of painting and sculpture. Greco-Roman art didn't feature mules or carpenters much, I think.

Gaspar, wise man number one, is black. Of late he has been lusting after Aryan, blonde fodder for his biological weapon. This miscegenetic passion bends him a whole lot. "'Is it not conceivable,' he asked, 'that the aim of our journey is the exaltation of negritude?'" Adam, Balthasar and Gaspar both con-

clude, had to be dark. "For obviously the black man has greater affinity with the image than does the white man. One need only observe how much more becomingly the black man wears bright-colored clothing and ornaments. . . . The black man is more naturally an idol than the white man." Hum, I dunno if that scans. Child Jesus, Gaspar will discover for his intellectual convenience, was actually black. This is humanist chic: at least Jesus wasn't female and Polish. (Skin, throughout the novel, announces transformation. Flaying, for instance, is a middle state, preparatory to final wisdom.) The author's racism, though provocative and well-intentioned, hasn't the persuasiveness of his aesthetic thesis.

Fable is often a rather precious genre. Ingenuousness, repetition, fantastic plot are humored as they would not be in any other form. Preciouser yet, when fable dilates on material with which we have had a long and sensitive relationship: the Nativity in this case. Even flat, unadorned references can hit you like a sucking chest wound. The fabulist, moreover, will expect his reader to collaborate. "Legends live on in our substance. They derive their truth from the complicity of our hearts." Dissatisfaction, therefore, might be attributed to emotional incompetence in a critic. Beyond that, Tournier's writing is sensuous as *Salammbô* and authoritative as concordances (all taken from the French with lissome ease by Ralph Manheim). By page 15 I was prepared to follow Tournier through a Babylonian captivity.

Yet, after that promise-cramful start, *Four Wise Men* seems caught in formal gridlock. The narrative is, simply, not

well-structured. Fables have to build amperage, build expectations: they are, after all, a teaching device and should be pointed. Like the joke or the fairy tale, their force deploys best in upward progression: most often a sequence of three. You know, his oldest son went out, then his middle son . . . Each will be found less inadequate, more spontaneous-mature until the youngest-last. Tournier has cut material around that pattern pretty well, adding a fourth (and last and youngest) wise man, Prince Taor.

This Taor chronicle fills more than one-third of the text. Tournier meant it to be his most profound and repercussive segment. In fact, though, Taor is predictable and not nearly as engaging as Balthasar and Gaspar. The book, shaped so, seems to flame out. (There is, midway, a discursive 25-page monologue by Herod. It will disabuse number three, Melchior, of his obsession with political power. Unfortunately, it also pushes the narrative architecture yet further from plumb.) And around young Taor, Tournier has written his most preachy and sentimental fiction.

" . . . we shall collect modern works which I, as a royal patron of the arts, shall commission my artists to create—the first masterpieces of Christian art."

"Christian art?" Prince Taor repeated pensively. "What a strange combination of words! How difficult it is to imagine this art of the future!"

Childlikeness and childishness are very different. Occasionally Tournier can abut on the latter. Manheim must've wanted to translate out those *points d'exclamation*—along with whatever undemanding sensibility they represent.

Still, though *The Four Wise Men* might not be a Narnia Chronicle, I don't mistrust Tournier's devotion. Christian reverence has suffused his fable: it is absolute, fierce, and of great clarity. Through unembellished retelling the redemption miracle barrels at us, a holy *tour de force*. And that, too, in quite another sense, is precious. □

## Atlantic High

By William F. Buckley Jr.

Doubleday, 226 pp., \$22.50

## HOME IS THE SAILOR

FRANCIS RUSSELL

I am a seashore sailor, having lived most of my life within sight and scent of the sea though rarely on it. One of my first recollections is the cobalt panorama of Boston Harbor with its green flecks of islands seen from the hill of my childhood. Today, at least when the trees are bare, I can see the curve dividing sea from sky from my study window. The sea is part of me. But sailor I am not. I cannot tell a ketch from a yawl. The intricacies of navigation are beyond me. Still, as a beachwalker and sharing the sea, I am full of awe at the real sailor.

"I have sailed all my life," Bill Buckley writes in *Atlantic High*, his account of his last transatlantic voyage, "and have skippered ocean racing boats for twenty years, and have served as captain and navigator of a transatlantic sail in June 1975." He is indeed the sailor, I the stroller among the dunes. And here I am with his book. It is a pelagic book, full of the taste and feel of salt water, but because it is Bill Buckley's it is much else, kaleidoscopic, witty, intriguingly anecdotal. In 1980, after having given up his beloved *Cyrano*, in which he had crossed the Atlantic five years earlier, he chartered the *Sealestial*, a racing ketch of 47 tons, 71 feet in length. At the end of May he set sail from St. Thomas in the Virgin Islands to Gibraltar and Spain by way of Bermuda and the Azores, a four-week voyage, with five of his friends as crew plus a photographer, a cook, and a stewardess. Bill Buckley is companionable. He likes people, and he likes people around him. Not for him the solitary venture across the immensity of ocean. For him



a voyage has to be a shared experience. "Without my companions," he concludes—after giving his last command, "Fenders, port side"—"it would not have been possible to say that when, finally, after 28 days, we tied in to the slip at Marbella at midnight, I, knew what (usually set in other contexts) goes by the name of the repose of the soul."

**A**S PRELUDE to his transatlantic crossing he recalls an earlier voyage to Mexico in the old *Cyrano* and follows it with an account of scuba diving in the Fiji Islands. For the Atlantic voyage he asked his crew to keep their own journals, from which he quotes here and there. And threading through his narrative are those casual moments, so simple and yet so deeply felt, that he somehow captures in all their fleeting poignancy in a phrase or sentence that haunts. "We dropped the anchor and cooked dinner, the stars coming out, a profusion of diamonds on a jeweler's velvet, and a fresh wind came down from the northeast." I cannot forget that sentence.

A third of my 24-hour day is spent in sleep. I think Bill Buckley must live a 36-hour day with only six hours off for his sleep. Even while navigating the Atlantic he still manages to relay back his three-a-week syndicated columns as well as to answer six hundred letters a week. Six hundred? That's what he said, though not every week, I trust. And what may one not find in his interspersed recollections between tides? However land-bound the event, I was charmed by his recollection of the evening he and his wife, Pat, spent with Charlie and Oona Chaplin at a nightclub in Vevey. Bill made some exuberant mention of Chaplin's leaving the United States to avoid paying back in-

come taxes—at which Pat kicked him under the table. Afterward Oona told her privately: "Don't kick your husband. I've been kicking mine for thirty years, and it simply doesn't work." And there is Bill's story of how, eight years before, he had telephoned his wife via a radio relay station at the South Pole only to be told pointedly that it was four in the morning. "When you go to the South Pole do you need to go at four in the morning?" Pat asked him. The next scene finds him, at the request of the Spanish ambassador, smuggling the Spanish Pretender out of New York by sea to a secret rendezvous in Connecticut to avoid the press.

Pleasant, such interludes, above the thrust of wave and wash of water. Yet the sea is always the backdrop. To embark on any voyage is a solemn occasion, the present itself stretching into a future marked by the rim of the horizon. Those aboard the *Sealestial* sensed the magic of that poised moment at departure:

We were on course. The wind was from the east at about 12 knots. The sun was sinking, over there to the left, in the general direction of Puerto Rico. Suddenly the babbling stopped, almost as if we had all been following the instructions of an orchestra leader; we heard only the lap-lap of the waves, patting firmly the headstrong hull of our ketch, white-gold in the falling light, the surrounding water turned now a viridian blue, oddly diaphanous, St. Thomas receding astern. No one spoke.

It is a period, I have found, that almost always comes, choosing its own rhythmic moment—the moment when, collectively, everyone on board recognizes that a journey has truly begun.

Christopher Little's photographs are a superb accompaniment to the text of *Atlantic High*. But one thing I must tell

Bill Buckley before I leave. There is no such thing as a seagull. There are herring gulls, black-backed gulls, ring-billed gulls, laughing gulls (they don't laugh), arctic gulls, and so on. The late Mr. Eliot made the same "seagull" mistake in his *Third Quartet*. Collectively there are merely gulls. Seagull is like the hoi polloi. □

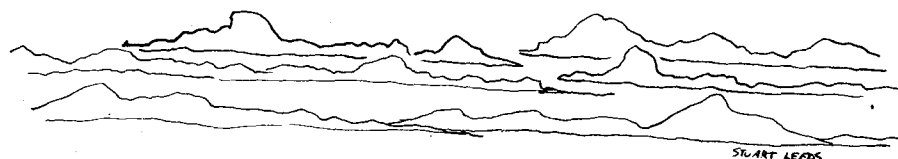
## FILM

### TRIUMPHS OF MEDIOCRITY

JOHN SIMON

Many are the triumphs of mediocrity on film, and not the least remarkable type is the brazen throwback, such as *An Officer and a Gentleman*, a big hit of the summer that continues strong into the fall. As many have noted, this is really one of those Service pictures of the Forties, usually starring Tyrone Power (or the same actor by another name), which chronicled the process whereby the Army (or Navy, Air Corps, Marine Corps, Coast Guard) makes a man of a boy, with side glances at his fellow trainees and with some girl or girls thrown in for romance, and featuring at least one SOB of a hard-as-nails non-com who hammers heroism (or potential heroism, depending on whether it is peace or wartime, and on just where the story ends) into the raw recruit or draftee.

*An Officer and a Gentleman*, which plays a few contemporary and mostly preposterous variations on this theme, is a moderately effective concoction from a time-tested formula by Douglas Day Stewart, a former naval officer and subsequent TV writer, whose main previous achievement was the even trashier *The Blue Lagoon*. The new film is similarly tailor-made, but for a slightly older audience, whose sentimental cravings for tear-washed and laughter-dried romance have not been lately catered to. The trick here is to provide the film with enough of a coating of bitter contemporaneity to make the viewer swallow the sugary pill. This is what Stewart and his director, Taylor Hackford, have done with distasteful efficacy: underneath the outer harshness and



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inner sweetness lies a thick core of out-and-out mendacity.

It is the story of Zack Mayo, whose father, a chief petty officer stationed in the Philippines, first abandoned his wife and son, and then, as the boy sees it, drove his wife to suicide. Little Zack comes to Olongapo, to be brought up partly by his father, who, the one week out of four when he's not at sea, boozes and wenchs with the native whores, and partly by the local urchins, who pulverize him with their martial arts while stealing his bit of money. This emerges from flashbacks; Zack's graduation from a "jerkwater college" is merely related, and the story proper begins in Seattle, where Zack leaves his still whoring father to begin the intensive basic training at Port Rainier's Naval Aviation Officer Candidate School, the first leg of a six-year training program at the end of which he'll fulfill his ambition to fly jets.

He comes up against the heuristically taunting, cast-iron drill instructor, Sergeant Foley, who is black—which is the first new *frisson*. Sharing his room are a nice black married man, an equally nice but weak fellow who will DOR (drop out on request), and, nicest of all, Sid Worley, an Oklahoman with a navy-officer legacy and all the qualities of a leader—or so we are told in this script on whose undramatized word we are asked to rely all too often. Also in Sergeant Foley's platoon are a jolly Hispanic and a woman—the second *frisson*. After four weeks of grueling workouts, the AOCs have their first social event, a dance at which they meet the "Puget Sound Debs," against whom Foley has warned them: local girls working at places like the paper factory and determined to snag an AOC husband, if necessary by entrapping him with a real or fake pregnancy. Zack pairs off with Paula Pokrifki, a nice Polish girl; Sid, his best friend, teams up with her pal Lynette, who is not so nice. But all—nice or not so nice—are soon at it like bunny rabbits, first in cars, then at a motel, which is the third *frisson*.

The story follows the customary pattern for such yarns ever since woolgathering was invented, but I must list some of the highlights. When Foley discovers Zack's stash of boots and belt buckles polished to platonic perfection, which he gets cheap from an enlisted man and sells dear to his desperate fellows, Foley puts Zack through a superpunitive endurance test that must surely make him

DOR. But no: Zack takes it all like a man or superman, breaking down only once and briefly to cry out his *de profundis* about having no other home, nowhere else to go, which seems to move even the Bessemerized heart of Foley. From then on Zack hurtles ineluctably toward humanity. Or take the heart-tugging scene in which Paula, after a disastrous family dinner to which she invited Zack, shows him a snapshot of her real father, an AOC who dumped her pregnant mother 21 years ago. (By the way, the film never makes clear how many AOCs Paula and Lynette have been involved with before Zack and Sid.) Zack wrongly feels he is being entrapped and flees. Sid, on the other hand, is fooled by Lynette's fake pregnancy, worries about it until he DORs and proposes marriage. Not pregnant and loath to marry a mere civilian, Lynette turns him down, which drives him to an immensely unconvincing suicide.

Shattered, Zack, who has already given up Paula, challenges Foley, whom he blames for Sid's death, to a karate duel. In one of the film's most juicily preposterous scenes, the two champions reduce each other to bloody near-pulps, but Foley wins, knocking, with a deft kick to the genitals, ultimate sense into Zack, who happily finishes the course. In the film's last, and even more fruitfully factitious scene, Zack, in his dress whites and fresh from graduation, hurries to the paper factory, where everyone but Paula sees him coming. While all, evil Lynette included, clap and cheer, Zack lifts up, kisses, and carries off the overcome Paula to a brighter future. As work stops, God knows how many paper boxes have gone to rack and ruin.

I CAN'T BEGIN to list the incidents and plot twists I profoundly disbelieve, even as I do one half of Richard Gere's performance as Zack. The earlier, ruthlessly selfish scenes are persuasively enough enacted, but Gere lacks the histrionic resources to make us accept his change of soul. Aside from other lacks, Gere has a narrow, deep-sunk pair of eyes, too puny, remote, and uncommunicative. You might as well try to convey Leonardo's *Last Supper* on a postage stamp. Still, Gere is better than usual, and the others, led by Lou Gossett Jr. as Foley, range from good to very good, for which Taylor Hackford must get partial credit, even though his visual sense is nowhere near so fine as his work

with actors. But the film's revelation is Debra Winger as Paula: here is an overwhelming blend of pride and vulnerability, defiance and pliability, an ability to portray sexual passion that is greater than that of any other American actress I can recall, and the ability to deliver hackneyed lines so as to make us believe in a heaven for platitudes.



ANOTHER WAY FOR mediocrity to score—European style—is with the mock-adult film, the specialty of Eric Rohmer, as witness his latest, *Le Beau Mariage*. Sabine, an art student from Le Mans, who commutes to Paris where she is working on an advanced degree, has an affair with a married man and walks out on him one hectic night, resolved to find herself a husband somewhere. At a wedding party in Le Mans, she chances upon Edmond, an up-and-coming lawyer and cousin of her best friend, Clarisse. She develops a vehement *amour de tête* for him and proceeds to woo him with clenched determination, middling shrewdness, and, when it seems necessary, nakedly fanatical doggedness.

It is not at all clear why Edmond should respond to this brutalization—especially coming from Béatrice Romand, who plays Sabine with no physical appeal and little inner grace—or why, having made an astonishingly affirmative move by driving to Le Mans for her birthday party, he should then reject her totally. It is equally incomprehensible why Sabine, whose maneuvers are almost as outrageous and demented as those of Adèle H. in Truffaut's film of that name, should be viewed, as Rohmer plainly wants us to view her, as winsome, imaginative, and great-hearted. But precious little is believable in Rohmer, who cannot even show us what binds the very different Sabine and Clarisse in such a close friendship.

Nor does Rohmer have a sense of reality: the financial circumstances of Sabine and her family remain wholly improbable. How, for instance, can the girl afford even a modest pied-à-terre in Paris, or how does she, who doesn't cook, feed herself in that expensive city, etc.? And he has no gift for the telling detail or episode. So when he wants to impress us with Sabine's practical skills, he has her fix a light switch for a stymied friend by asking for a screwdriver and applying a turn or two to the one loose screw. Rohmer himself has rather more than that.

How, then, does Rohmer captivate his middle-brow audiences? By showing people who read books, talk about art, and pontificate about life. By putting supposedly adult people into slightly oddball situations usually involving some sort of sexual obsession. By having his tales end on a note of failure, albeit not unrelieved by hope. The trouble is that the offbeat obsessions are simplistic or utterly absurd; that the cultural talk is posturing, superficial, spe-

cious; and that the mildly unhappy, adult endings befall nonentities who leave us cold. Rohmer has the nerve to call his new series of films *Comédies et Proverbes*, a crib from Musset, whose plays *did* expatiate on proverbs with genuine comedy and pathos. Miss Romand has a few good moments among many indifferent ones; in the supporting cast, only Thamila Mezbah, as her mother, is able to suggest a rounded personality. □

other ingredients, and plan to take their case to court. A Bavarian-beer spokesman said that the turnout showed that "chemical beer doesn't stand a chance with German beer drinkers."

*Rich beautiful prose from little wineries* (I never heard of them before they sent these communications): From J. W. Morris Wineries in Concord, Calif.: "1981 Sauvignon Blanc, redolent with freshly mown hay and green grass, will be released to national markets July 1. The nose is also alive with grapefruit and hints of vanilla. Qualities in the nose are carried through flavors in the mouth, marked by assertive citrus and lengthened in the after-taste thanks to healthy acidity. A creamy texture, compliments of partial fermentation and aging in French oak, caresses the palate" (at \$9 a bottle). From Adler Fels in Sonoma Valley, Calif.: "Mr. Newcomb sang to Helga and Schmutzig with a bit more pride this morning while tending his vineyard garden. His two acres of Chardonnay grapes would have a good home this harvest. While only in their fourth year of production his vines were responding well to his kind attention and folk songs, becoming more vigorous and eager to produce top-quality fruit. This year they would be made into wine. Imagining his name printed on the wine label, Mr. Newcomb asked Helga, the third vine in the 11th row, if she would like a little sulphur dust and complimented Schmutzig, in row 12, on the color of his leaves." (Prices are not listed, but the total Adler Fels 1981 Chardonnay production came to all of 205 cases or 2,460 bottles.) □

## DELECTATIONS

# GENTLE READERS!!! DISPLAY YOUR WIT!!! WIN A PRIZE!!!

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NIKA HAZELTON

We all know the difficulty of starting party or dinner-table conversations with uncommunicative partners. Competitors are invited to submit entries consisting of three (3) party conversation starters. No politics, no race, no religion, no remarks about NATIONAL REVIEW personnel—any of these will immediately disqualify an entry. Harmless remarks are invited, along the lines of: "Is ground glass shiny after it is cooked?" "Do you like string?" "Have you ever thought about falling pyramids?" "Describe the taste of water." "Do you think the end of the world will come in the morning or in the evening, and why?" (Many of these remarks won prizes at an earlier similar competition.) Entries will be judged by your incorruptible and unblemished fair judges: Bill Buckley, Priscilla Buckley, Chilton Williamson Jr., and myself. We will award three prizes and a booby prize and discuss the entries in a forthcoming "Delectations" column. Please send entries to COMPETITION, c/o Nika Hazelton, NATIONAL REVIEW, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be postmarked by November 1.

THINGS YOU'D NEVER KNOW WITHOUT MY TELLING YOU, also known as the Garbage of the Mind:

*From the German Information Office Bulletin:* In Cologne, Germany, eight months ago, one million specimens of *Eisenia foetida*, or ordinary earthworms, were put into a mountain of garbage gathered largely from the city's green acres. "They're still eating," said a spokesman—"not only organic waste like rotten leaves and small twigs, but facial tissues too. As of now, the worms have eaten and digested about half of the stuff." If the worms succeed in de-

materializing the garbage, they will be sold at 4 pfennigs per worm. The idea is to introduce them into great heaps of the kind of waste that is usually trucked to dumps or dissolved chemically, and let them feast.

*From the Bavarian Brewers Association:* More than one million Bavarian beer drinkers have signed a petition supporting the "Beer Purity Law" of 1516, which says that only hops, malt, yeast, and water may go into German beer. Members of the European Economic Community object to the law, saying that it closes the market to beers made with

## TRAVEL

### VERCINGETORIX, NOUS VOILA

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

For more than five hundred years, the bishops of Bethlehem held domain, not in the Holy Land, but in the tiny Burgundian village of Clamecy, where the crusading knight Guillaume IV of Nevers, dying at St.-Jean-d'Acre, had offered perpetual refuge to any bishop of Bethlehem chased from his see. Fifty-

# Dark Horses



CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

ONE OF THE great frauds perpetrated on well-meaning Americans is the idea that when they meet 'informally' with Soviet members of delegations to religious conferences, peace meetings, cultural or people-to-people events they are meeting a genuine representative sample of the Russian people. From my experience on the House Committee on Un-American Activities, the House Committee on Internal Security, and for the past several years on the Intelligence Committee, I can stipulate for the record that there is no Soviet official allowed to visit the West who is not playing a role in the overall Soviet covert action apparatus."

So writes the late Congressman John Ashbrook in his Foreword to a useful little book, *The War Called Peace: The Soviet Peace Offensive* (Western Goals, 309A Cameron Street, Alexandria, Va. 22314; \$5), put together by the staff of Western Goals, a worthy organization that includes on its roster Roy Cohn, Representative Phil Crane, Dr. Mildred Jefferson, Roger Milliken, Dr. Edward Teller, and General Lewis Walt.

Actually, a better title would be *Poisonous Snakes of North America*. Prepared with the aid of the people at *Information Digest*, the book documents the powerful influence exercised by the World Peace Council, a Soviet front group; suggests the ways in which it will seek to determine American public opinion in the future; and catalogues, with brief descriptions, the various domestic social, religious, and public-policy movements that have ties to the WPC. *The War Called Peace* is, in short, an indispensable handbook for wanderers through the thickets of American civic life who want to be able to distinguish between a hog-nosed snake and a rattlesnake.

If there was any doubt that the recent anti-nuke and disarmament brouhaha was directly encouraged by Soviet propaganda agencies, this book will dispel it. The Western Goals authors make clear beyond peradventure that the Second Special Session on Disarma-

ment at the United Nations last spring was "the primary organizing focus and international podium for the Soviet-directed disarmament offensive" (no wonder the Russians reacted with such outrage to President Reagan's denunciation before the General Assembly of their use of yellow rain); they point out that Ground Zero ("among the organizations building toward SSD-II") includes among its endorsers Physicians for Social Responsibility, Business Executives Move for New National Priorities, National Council of Churches, Council for a Livable World (WPC fronts all)—and William Colby, formerly Director of the CIA. (Ground Zero's founder is Roger Molander, who spent seven years on the National Security Council under Presidents Nixon, Ford, and Carter.)

THE DANGEROUS 'nuclear arms freeze' proposals being presented to town councils and state legislatures across the United States are the most effective Kremlin-supported policy to preserve Soviet strategic interests since the launching of the first 'peace appeal' in 1950," the authors believe. In February 1982 the Connecticut general assembly became the fourth state legislature to pass a resolution calling for a "joint nuclear freeze," support for which had been garnered by state representative Irving J. Stolberg of New Haven, an active member of the WPC. The previous year the Connecticut Campaign for a U.S.-USSR Nuclear Freeze had persuaded three towns to pass nuclear-freeze resolutions, with two members of the American Friends Service Committee coordinating the campaign.

All the familiar names (and far too many unfamiliar ones) are here: Cora Weiss, Richard J. Barnet, Jonathan Schell, Corliss Lamont; the Western Goals study scrupulously suggests that many of these people are merely dupes, i.e., folks who can't tell a hog-nosed snake from a rattler. Perhaps the best that can be said of them is that they wouldn't care anyway: they don't expect to be the ones to get bit. □

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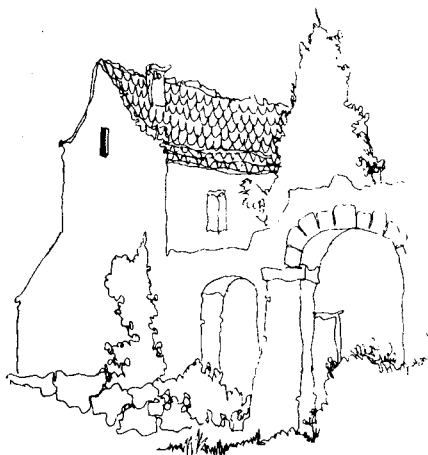
seven years later, in 1225, after the Turks had overrun Palestine, a bishop of Bethlehem took up residence at Clamecy's Hôpital de Pantenor, the first in a line of fifty. (The last was chased from Clamecy by the *sans-culottes*.)

We'd read that story in the indispensable Michelin Green Guide to Burgundy en route to Sens for a week's cruise on the Yonne River (Sens to Clamecy) aboard the hotel-barge *Linquenda*.

We never got to Clamecy. We went instead from Tonnerre to Pouillenay. The Yonne River was high, swollen with the heavy rains of recent days, we were told, so we would cruise the more protected waters of the Burgundy canal. And such is the docility of most veteran barge-cruisers that no one protested. Our luggage, tagged with the Floating through Europe (271 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016) labels we had been sent, was in the large Mercedes touring van that accompanies the *Linquenda* by the time Krishna Lester, the strikingly good-looking (and, we were to find, equally intelligent, capable, and pleasant) captain, herded us aboard the bus. Arriving at the *Linquenda*, we were introduced to the crew, to Sarah (Krishna's wife, the hostess plus cook par excellence), to Philip and Janet Bidwell, and to young Marie-Ellen, the stewardess, a local French girl who would, night after night, remove the pretty plaid skirt, blouse, and vest in which she served dinner, resume her grungy workday bluejeans, and take off, usually on the back seat of the motorcycle of tonight's beau.

While Krishna opens the champagne for a Royal Kir, champagne and crème de cassis, and introductions are exchanged (a Mexican couple is delighted to find that my sister Jane speaks fluent Spanish), crew members stow our bags in the staterooms. There is just time to unpack and wash up—each commodious cabin has its own bathroom—before returning to the lounge for dinner. The food is marvelous—a first taste of Sarah's artistry—and the wine, as on many barge trips, is free, and freely poured. (These are luxury trips, running a grand or more a week, and no expense is spared to make them special.)

First day, a walk through the medieval sections of Tonnerre. Clear water rushing from a rocky hillside fills a large circular basin in a covered wash house. The water is a deep, clear blue-green. One old woman, kneeling in a triangular box, is scrubbing away.



Beaune has its famous Hôtel Dieu. Tonnerre has one too, with 34 large beds—each accommodated three or four people—lined up foot to the chapel so that the wayfarers, "*les pauvres voyageurs*," who would be fed and bedded down "*pour une nuit seulement*," could attend morning Mass. As we walked these cobbled streets, coming up against the unexpected arch and tower, the handsomely carved doorway, it added zest to learn that in the seventeenth century street lights were lit in Tonnerre only on Mondays, Thursdays, Sundays, Mardi Gras, and Christmas, and even then only—ah, the thrifty French—if it wasn't the night of the full moon. (*Les Rues de Tonnerre*, *Linquenda* ship's library.)

We spend the afternoon cruising. The canal winds through rich farmlands, hay, corn, beef cattle, and sheep—no vineyards yet. The raging Armançon races beside us, keeping abreast of the canal winding turn for winding turn. A grey steeple on the hillside signals VILLAGE AHEAD, grey little stone villages with grey slate roofs, saved from mournfulness by crimson Virginia creeper. Suddenly all eyes turn right, the peacefulness of the scene jarred by a rumble and a roar. A quarter of a mile away France's new crack TGV (*Train de Grande Vitesse*, clocked in a recent test at 260 miles per hour) swooshes past, a streamlined black and orange splash. Closer to home, tall poplars carry round bunches of mistletoe on high. In the lockkeepers' gardens the last flowers of summer make a gallant stand in their boxes and beds, clinging stubbornly to their stalks. Sarah picks up fallen sycamore leaves for her cheese plate.

Lunch can be cold cuts, lentil salad, cheese, fruit, and pitchers of good red wine, as on the first day, or a change-of-

pace finger-licking delight: shrimps, *écrevisses*, *moules*, and artichokes. And always the plate of native cheeses and crusty fresh-baked bread.

We fall into a routine. Mornings, after breakfast, we walk; or, if it hasn't rained the night before and puddled up the towpaths, we bicycle. On each *écluse* (lock) a sign tells you how far it is to the next one. Sometimes there will be five or six locks in as many miles, each of which takes ten or so minutes to negotiate, so there's no way the *Linquenda* can outdistance you.

Of an afternoon we may see something sensational, the Michelin two-star Abbaye de Fontenay or a tiny chateau or town, with its "*peu d'histoire*": Ancy-le-Franc, still privately owned, where the sculpted crossed papal keys herald the role a Clermont-Tonnerre played in restoring Pope Calixtus II to the throne of Peter in the twelfth century, ending the Great Schism; Noyers s/Serein (pop. 889), an untouched walled town (in a deep bend of the Serein River, which gives it watery protection on three sides) with 16 round towers, an old salt house, and no tourists. You'd never know it was there unless a Krishna Lester had scouted it out in advance for you. Alise-Ste.-Reine, on top of whose heights stands a monumental statue to France's first hero, the Gaul Vercingetorix, who led a great revolt against Julius Caesar and, for a time, held him at bay. It was here, at Alise, that he was finally defeated; he was led to Rome in chains and, six years later, strangled and his body thrown into the Tiber. (In establishing that Alise was indeed the site of that two-thousand-year-old battle, archaeologists in the Fifties uncovered Caesar's siege camp and fortifications laid out just as he had described them in his chronicles of the Gallic wars.)

We've spent a full day driving through rolling country, vast sloping hills and river valleys, some freshly plowed, others thinly dusted with the green of winter wheat. Fat rolls of hay are piled like Tootsie Rolls two or three layers high. Now we are in the vineyards, rolling acres of them, interspersed with cherry orchards and apple and pear trees. We lunch, sumptuously (quenelles, mustard-seed steak, salad, a *chèvre-en-croute*, brownies), and drink, sumptuously (Sauvignon and Aligote), at La Petite Auberge in Vaux (don't miss it); and, at St.-Bris, break down completely. Our Mercedes is kaput. So it is late when our

rented bus bumps off the main road onto a dirt track, and there at a placid bend in the river is our lovely *Linquenda*, the lamps at the windows casting a warm flickering light on the towpath, saying, "Welcome home." For the last time.

Tomorrow it's goodbye. We're already settled in the bus when Marie-Ellen arrives, breathlessly, to kiss all the women and shake hands with the men, and backs out in a cloud of "*Merci, merci bien, bon voyage.*" And, "*De rien,*" with the usual quick, shy smile when we try to thank her.

On the train platform at Sens, the trip over, semi-strangers again, we stand by our luggage in groups of two when a *Train de Grande Vitesse* hurtles by at a going-through-town reduced speed of maybe a hundred miles per hour. The 46 meandering miles it had taken us a week to cover by boat would take the TGV, I figure, just under 11 minutes—too fast to see those crossed papal keys at Ancy-le-Franc, to zero in on that long-haired Gallic warrior at Alise-Ste.-Reine, or an old woman scrubbing her laundry at Tonnerre. Still, when I'm in France next year, I plan to take the *Train de Grande Vitesse* . . . □

## BOOKS IN BRIEF

**GREAT DETECTIVES: *Seven Original Investigations***, by Julian Symons, with illustrations by Tom Adams (Abrams, 144 pp., \$16.95). Julian Symons, the English crime novelist, mystery reviewer, and author of a survey of crime fiction called *Mortal Consequences*, has now written a highly entertaining pendant to his earlier study of the sanguinary genre: a coffee-table book dealing with, shall we say, some hitherto-undiscovered aspects of the lives and careers of Sherlock Holmes, Nero Wolfe, Inspector Maigret, Ellery Queen, Miss Marple, Hercule Poirot, and Philip Marlowe. *Great Detectives: Seven Original Investigations* is notable for its varied approach and generally unforced ingenuity; it contains, among other things, interviews with an aging Archie Goodwin and the real-life model (or so Mr. Symons claims) for Philip Marlowe, two "unpublished" adventures of Holmes and Maigret, and a chapter which advances the hypothesis that there were really two Ellery Queens, the original one having quietly retired in 1936. Mr. Symons's talents as a *pasticheur* are formidable, though he is a bit stronger on Holmes-in-retirement and Maigret-in-translation than on the hard-boiled Americanese suitable to his

Goodwin and Marlowe interviews. Tom Adams, who illustrated the book, has done a superbly evocative job throughout; his portrait of Nero Wolfe and the famous three-foot globe on page 42, for example, could easily have been a life study were such a thing possible. (I always thought Philip Marlowe looked just like Humphrey Bogart, but Mr. Adams has his own ideas—very convincing ones, I might add—on the subject.) One minor problem: the text and notes occasionally refer to certain novels by their British titles, which may be confusing to American readers. The whole thing can easily be straightened out by referring to Mr. Symons's helpful bibliography, however; otherwise, all is bliss. Indeed, *Great Detectives: Seven Original Investigations* is probably the most amusing book of its kind since Dilys Winn's clever anthology, *Murder Ink*. Surely a sequel is in the offing; after all, Mr. Symons has yet to give us the lowdown on Lew Archer, Father Brown, Dr. Gideon Fell, Gervase Fen, Steve Carella, Dave Brandstetter, and—well, perhaps even Blackford Oakes. That would do for a *second* volume.

TERRY TEACHOUT

**A SEASON OF DELIGHT**, by Joanne Greenberg (Holt, Rinehart, 244 pp., \$12.95). Joanne Greenberg is a versatile writer whose previous works include such varied topics as a young woman's struggle with mental illness in *I Never Promised You a Rose Garden* and a humorous treatment of somewhat magical events in *High Crimes and Misdemeanors*. In *A Season of Delight* Mrs. Greenberg takes a woman who could fit about half a dozen popular stereotypes and exposes the unique human being beneath. Grace Dowben is a middle-aged Jewish housewife, attempting to deal with the pain and sense of loss engendered by the finality of her children's leaving home. Her son has become a Moonie and her daughter has embraced radical feminism, and both have rejected the traditions that have always been a vital part of Grace's life. Grace continues with her life, as most of us do, but she discovers satisfaction and a sense of being needed by others in working with the fire-and-rescue unit in the small town of Balboa, Pa. She finds companionship in the war-zone camaraderie of the squad, and she is exhilarated by the danger and life-and-death quality of her work. Her delight in her Jewish heritage is sharpened when a young man of Jewish parentage, but agnostic upbringing, joins the unit, and Grace teaches Ben the traditions rejected by her son and daughter. In time, however, Grace discovers that Ben is much more to her than a substitute for her lost son. With typical Greenberg humor, her moment of truth occurs during a word-association game at a party. Grace

is given the word love, and her response—"save . . . guard . . . protect . . . defend"—drops into the party atmosphere like a string of four-letter words. But these are the words that define the boundaries of Grace's life, and the answer to her dilemma is as clear to her as if spoken from a burning bush. Mrs. Greenberg clearly believes in traditional values, along with such old-fashioned themes as good and evil, but there is humor and compassion in her treatment of both, making her always a joy to read.

NORMA B. WILLIAMSON

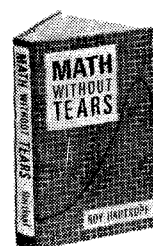
## LAKE

(Continued from page 1283)

by the expropriations, and now want a closer look at where Mexico is heading.

The IMF's intensive-care team is prescribing a stern austerity program as a condition for the \$4-billion loan Mexico is seeking. Both López Portillo and Carlos Tello Macías, the most recent head of the Bank of Mexico, are finding that highly distasteful. Tello, a member of the radical Left who studied in the Soviet Union and East Germany, has become in recent weeks one of the president's closest collaborators. They see the IMF conditions as an affront to Mexican sovereignty and as likely to provoke "social unrest" because of the further belt-tightening they demand. Whether Mexico's need to be rescued is greater than the world banking community's desire to rescue it may

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affect the terms offered. Several of Mexico's millionaire union leaders urged the president to tell the IMF to go to hell and to repudiate the debt outright. The betting is that Mexico, gagging, will accept the IMF's terms.

With so much riding on the outcome of the monumental tangle he is about to inherit, President Miguel de la Madrid, a 47-year-old lawyer turned career functionary, will soon become a salient figure on the world stage. Nobody outside the federal bureaucracy had heard of him until López Portillo picked him for president. Even today, after vast outpourings of oratory in his campaign, his true leanings and intentions remain an enigma. Fortunately, his opportunity is as great as the problems he faces.

Mexico, the tenth largest country in the world, also is one of the richest in natural resources, including, of course, its enormous oil reserves. Current oil sales bring in \$14 billion or more a year. Mexico's chances for complete recovery from the current crisis should therefore be much better than those of most other countries now floundering in debt and recession. In fact Mexico could become in a few years the prosperous country its politicians have promised to make it.

The nation is fortunate too in enjoying, so far at any rate, a considerable measure of free speech. While the administration blames its failures on factors outside its control, public opinion vigorously disagrees. Many of the leading thinkers see *presidencialismo*, and the exclusive control of the government and all its business enterprises by a self-perpetuating and rapacious professional bureaucracy, as the main source of national weakness.

Their prescriptions for change range widely, but the essence can be put in a few words:

Let the new president choose for his advisors and administrators, not the usual fortune-seekers whose entire experience in life is as climbers in the political hierarchy, but men and women of character willing to put the well-being of Mexico ahead of their personal interests. That enormous change would, they contend, produce miracles.

De la Madrid is pledged to make sweeping changes. The first and most basic is to give the people a genuine part in the decisions of government. Whether he plans to do that, or will be allowed to if he tries, remain questions of the highest importance. □

## BROOKHISER

(Continued from page 1278)

months back. Terry Dolan's NCPAC had put Moynihan on its hit-list, and Bruce Caputo, an ambitious one-term former congressman backed by the Republican and Conservative leadership, was eager for a shot. Caputo's candidacy vanished like the morning mist when it turned out that he had told, uh, stretchers about his military record and his master's degree. In time, the Republican contest attracted Whitney North Seymour Jr., the man Ed Koch beat in his first run for Congress; Muriel Siebert, the first woman to hold a seat on the Stock Exchange; and Florence Sullivan, the Conservative and Right-to-Life nominee. Mrs. Sullivan, after bringing up three children, had gone back to school and gotten a law degree. She represents Bay Ridge, a Republican islet in Brooklyn, in the state assembly, and she won the primary with 41 per cent of the vote.

Daniel Patrick Moynihan was born in Tulsa, Oklahoma and did not grow up in Hell's Kitchen. These are probably the only facts of his biography not generally known. The current phase of his career began with his eighth government post under his fourth President—permanent representative to the United Nations in 1975. During the sour endgame of detente (Carter's policies would be even sourer, but he changed the name), Moynihan chided barbarians and thugs and stuck up for the United States's national honor. It was a vivid and gratifying performance, which he parlayed into a Democratic Senate nomination and a victory over the Republican-Conservative incumbent, James Buckley.

And then . . . what? The embers Moynihan stirred in conservative and neoconservative hearts still glow dimly.



In the waning days of 1979, when Carter was floundering, Kennedy waxing, and Reagan resting in a calm whose halcyon was John Sears, there were Cons and Neos who urged him to run for President, as if the only thing standing between the Russian legions in Kabul and the Gulf oilfields was the tough-talking Hell's Kitchen Okie.

Moynihan's voting record has in fact been barely distinguishable from that of the Democratic mob (his lowest ADA rating was 47, in 1979; last year, he was up to 75). More disappointing, his intellectual record has been equally undistinguished. Over the course of six years, the possessor of one of the finest minds and certainly the readiest pen in the Senate has brought exactly two issues before the public eye. One is tuition tax credits (see "Private Schools and the First Amendment," *NR*, August 3, 1979). The other is an observation: that New York State gets a smaller than average return on its federal tax dollars—a new thought in Congress, maybe, but hardly a new thought; it had been limned by James Buckley's brother back in 1959.

Of late, he has waffled on the Reagan Administration tax cuts—initially trying to peg them to the deficit; then voting for them; then almost immediately proposing a "mid-course correction"; then backing off from his correction. He resists "deferring" the third year on the grounds that one shouldn't raise taxes during a recession.

When the neutron bomb and the MX missile came along, he voted to develop but not to deploy. During the SALT II debate, he wrote a lucid series for *The New Yorker* asserting that the Soviets had "prospered militarily and geopolitically during the life of the SALT negotiations," yet recommending passing the treaty—with an amendment requiring an agreement on reductions within two years—in order to "probe . . . Soviet feelings on this matter." He wanted a pipeline embargo before the Administration did, and urges a cut in Soviet grain sales.

In his free time, he is a demagogue—leading the resistance to any attempt to touch Social Security; attacking James Watt's suggestion that friends of Israel should support America's energy policies as "bare-knuckled bigotry."

Better than some, worse than many. Not terribly interesting; rather sad. Apparently the best thinking these days is destined to come from drugstore owners and quarterbacks. □

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## Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

### PRAYER IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

"Nothing in this Constitution shall be construed to prohibit individual or group prayer in public schools or other public institutions. No person shall be required by the United States or by any other state to participate in prayer."

(Our apologies to Trans-O-Gram aficionados. The solution to the October 1 Trans-O-Gram was run inadvertently in the same issue as the puzzle. This is the solution to the September 17 Trans-O-Gram. —LB)

## Reaganites Seeking Self-Understanding

*On  
The Right*

New York, Oct. 1—It should not surprise that there are people working for Mr. Reagan who are giving attention to the dismaying success with which individual Democrats are suggesting that theirs is the party of “compassion” and “fairness.” A substantial memorandum has been written, directed to David Stockman, by someone pained by the distortions of the past political season. “It is the poor and the minorities,” the memo-writer summarizes, “who, most of all, have been victimized by the past decade’s indifference to inflation and private-sector productivity, its fiscal profligacy, and its creation of armies of middle-class ‘tribunes’ of the poor.”

Come on now, be concrete.

Okay. “During the 1970s, the number and percentage of poor people increased.”

“During the 1970s, black median family income fell.”

“During the 1970s, the unemployment gap between whites and blacks widened.”

“During the 1970s, the purchasing power of core welfare payments declined—by one-third in the case of AFDC, the program most targeted to the poor.”

THE INDIGNANT Republican goes on to urge that Reagan’s positions be argued to labor unions, to women’s groups, to academics, to church people, and to others among whom myopia is common. There is the difficulty that although there are more skilled advocates among Republicans now than at any other time in two generations, there are never enough; and their skills as polemicists are often uncultivated. The skills I speak of aren’t necessarily those of winning the argument—there is seldom much of a problem here. The skills necessary are those of winning over an audience. It isn’t by any means obvious that Socrates could win over an audience gathered together to rejoice over the philanthropic spirit of Tip O’Neill.

I return to a theme expressed before, and do this after experiencing, with Phil Donahue, the growing conviction that our defense expenses are, really, either a) a form of paranoia or b) a form of patronage for the benefit of McDonnell-Douglas, airplane makers.

We are a nation that formally abandoned isolationism after Pearl Harbor.

But in a sense we continue to be isolationists. Although Americans tend to be intelligent, it challenges the limits of their imagination, sitting comfortably in a studio in Chicago, that they are contingently threatened by Communists operating out of the Kremlin, six thousand miles away. Moreover, one runs into the curious paradox of people who believe on the one hand that the Russians are simply too bright to initiate policies that might lead to a world war. But they are then left without any means of explaining why it is that the Soviet Union, with a national income one-half our own, is spending two to three times as much as we on armament. What is it that the Soviet Union is supposed to do with its SS-18s, 19s, and 20s?

You try statistics. In 1960 we were spending 9 per cent of our GNP (and we were less wealthy in those days) on defense. And John F. Kennedy fought with candidate Richard Nixon, insisting we needed to spend more. The missile gap. The last year under Carter, we spent 5.3 per cent of our GNP (while the Russians were spending 13 to 16 per cent of theirs). Reagan’s huge increase in military spending lifts that figure to 5.7 per cent in 1981, and 5.9 per cent in 1982. That differential is transcribed by the critics as an inclination to favor B-1 airplanes and MX missiles over the poor, the handicapped, and the young. How does one deal with the

argument? Is there a rhetorical stroke by which the point can be got across?

“Sir—ma’am—could I ask a question? Thank you. Suppose that you heard suspicious footsteps outside your trailer, parked overnight in the woods. The spaghetti has just been put on the table. You keep a rifle in the closet. Do you reach first for the rifle, or for the spaghetti?”

Does that work? No doubt the Great Communicator could improve on it. The trick is to relate compassion to freedom. Funny, it was “compassionate” to want to free the slaves back then, 120 years ago. But the word compassionate isn’t used to describe the efforts necessary to prevent self-enslavement, let alone the ongoing slavery of others. □

### RONALD REAGAN'S 'WAR'

New York, Sept. 29—

The other day on the *Today* show host Bryant Gumbel brought in

the Democratic Majority Leader of the House of Representatives, Jim Wright of Fort Worth, Texas. Mr. Wright is a gentleman of countenance benign; his speech is that of a doctor, tending you at the bedside; his face, that of your favorite uncle. He was questioned by Mr. Gumbel about Mr. Reagan’s veto of the \$14-billion supplementary appropriations bill.

Reagan, for good reason, had to apply pretty strict standards on “supplementary appropriations.” Remember, in the course of mobilizing pressure to pass his \$98-billion supplementary tax bill, he promised the people that for every dollar of additional taxes, there would be three dollars cut from projected appropriations. Even then, Mr. Reagan’s critics claimed that his arithmetic was romantic. Indeed, Congressman Philip Crane said that his private calculations were that Mr. Reagan would end up with the figures exactly reversed. I.e., that he would end by taxing an extra three dollars for every dollar he cut from the bloated appropriations. So that when this particular bill came around, notwithstanding that a large plurality of Republicans had voted for it, Reagan acted. After the ecumenical high following the Dole-O’Neill \$98-billion bill, Mr.



Reagan wished to reprimand his ideological compass; and he did this by vetoing.

So how did Uncle Jim answer Mr. Gumbel's questioning about that veto?

Well, without changing his expression once, or tightening his fatherly smile, he spoke as if Ronald Reagan had gone quite berserk. I hope this isn't true, inasmuch as Mr. Reagan is going to be President for a few years yet, unless he sends a Watergate team to Jim Wright's office to ascertain whether Mr. Wright is suffering from a mysterious disease that causes him to say strange things on the *Today* show. Strange things like what?

"[The President has gone] out of his way to pick a fight with the Congress again, to renew his war against the elderly and against the students and against the handicapped." Leapin' lizards! Mr. Reagan's "war" against the elderly? We are to suppose that we are directed by Mr. Reagan to find old people and shoot them? And of course, shoot the students, and the handicapped, inasmuch as that is what war involves, right? If the Majority Leader were asked to vote on a Declaration of War against Cambodia, would he understand this as a measure to reduce subsidies to Cambodia? Does the word "war" mean anything to the Democratic Majority Leader? Or is the hyperbole of politics so much in command that his rhetorical imprecision matches his analytical imprecision? Remember, Mr. Reagan is not asking for any reduction that would take us below the level of federal subsidies considered entirely acceptable as recently as two or three years ago, back when Mr. Wright was not accusing Mr. Carter of having declared war against students and the elderly, Mr. Carter preferring to wage war against common sense.

But it was not a slip of the tongue. Because in the next breath, Wright suggested that President Reagan doesn't really care about the future of America. No—he said that Reagan *doesn't* care about the future of America. Wright's mentholated way of putting it: "All we [Democrats] did was to provide a little money for student loans to permit several hundred thousand young Americans of modest economic circumstances to go to school this fall. And, he wanted to veto that. Surely that isn't the kind of thing that a President who really cares about the future of America would veto."

A MODEST observation about Mr. Wright's point is that a "little money" for several hundred thousand students, non-students, or former students, is going to cost more than a "little money," by non-Democratic arithmetic. A second observation is that exactly so casual an attitude as Mr. Wright's about the expenditure of money is what brought on the mess against which Mr. Reagan is contending.

When Mr. Wright was already Majority Leader, but before Reagan became President, that mess was spelled out in stark terms: 13 per cent inflation, 20 per cent interest; a negative national growth rate.

I have in my mail an invitation from some jerk-crowd to attend the opening of a film or documentary or whatever entitled *From Hitler to Reagan*. Are we moving back toward the excess of 15 years ago, when apparently civilized people were attending Broadway plays such as *Macbird!*, the thesis of which was that Lyndon Johnson contrived the assassination of John Kennedy? There are always wild-talkers in town, but really, we ought to declare war against those who elect them Majority Leader of the House of Representatives. □

### AND WHY NOT?

New York, Sept. 27—A reader (Mr. Craig Henry) writes in to deplore the endemic ignorance of youngish (they are in their thirties) scholars, graduates of the great trauma of 1964-1972, whose studied animosity to American institutions breeds ignorance and despair. The ignorance is certainly there, and indeed much of it comes, as always, from the academy. The other day I heard over the radio a two-minute spot from something that calls itself the Fund for Peace, which all but made me launch a Fund for War. The speaker called himself the chief economist for the Fund for Peace, and this after reciting as many economic solecisms as can be fitted into a two-minute spot, which is quite a lot, challenging even the record of John Kenneth Galbraith. His point? Well, in a nutshell, that a few dozen Americans, under capitalism and Reagan, are devoted to the goal of impoverishing the rest of America. The speaker said nothing to which any neo-Marxist would have objected.

Well, my idea-man reminds us that there is a grave social crisis in America. It has to do with the number of unemployed and unemployable PhDs. This is a phenomenon on which Senator Moynihan has dilated; indeed his pessimism, or if you prefer his objectivism, leads him to say: "If you are a PhD in history, or in most of the social sciences, and you wish tenure in a university, you will have to wait for someone who is now teaching to retire, or to die."

It really is that bad. The crowds that went on to graduate school during the past 15 years didn't look back over their shoulder. If they had, they'd have seen a baby-population suddenly thinned out. The result was an academic assembly line in the graduate schools that took thousands from doctorates, to unemployment. Or, which is demoralizing, to underemploy-

ment. A PhD historian who is washing cars, or mowing lawns, is doing useful work. But he is not exercising skills he worked so very hard to achieve, and my correspondent has an interesting idea.

Why, he asks, don't middle-sized to large corporations hire one, or even two, unemployed scholars? To do what? Well, to join the company, and, so to speak, under its aegis, pursue their studies. He does not specify what it is they should study. The purpose here considered would not be advanced if General Motors hired a historian who devoted himself exclusively to writing about life in the Middle Ages, spending his days in the library at the University of Michigan. No, the idea, surely, would require that the heretofore unemployed young scholar observe the doings of a corporation: that he study its ways, its problems, its weaknesses and its strengths, its achievements and its shortcomings.

Perhaps a corporation would commission a history. Or a sociological examination of life in that corporation. There is always the tendency to make scandal—scandal sells, and scholars don't necessarily mind that. There is the further temptation, namely to bite the hand that feeds you. The scholars would need to be investigated, to ascertain whether there is a problem there of invincible ignorance.

BUT THE IDEA has merit. The notion is noble. The Medici, for all that they sinned, commissioned great art. And corporations, for all that they have shown great ignorance of academic subversion of American institutions, are perhaps closer now than they have been at any time in the past generation to recognizing that the intellectual battle needs to be fought very tenaciously. Corporations are showing an interest—some of them—in telling their story. In producing documentaries that do not cast commerce in the villainous part. Why not think in terms of five hundred young scholars, integrated into the corporate scene, having a look around, and, in due course, rejoining the academies as vacancies occur? Or turning to journalism, or other pursuits, in which their skills are used, however diluted?

It is generally thought of corporations that they do not feel social concerns. This allegation is less true than it is widespread. "Corporations" aren't supposed to "feel." They are supposed to manufacture—products, and jobs. But in an antagonistic world, when idealists in the society are urged to believe that corporations are evil institutions, they need to feel the threat. Among other things, they need to feel the imperative of their own survival. And going after the attention of young, unemployed scholars is a pretty interesting idea. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

# Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

## DEFINITIONS

- A. A native of a country which recently got its comeuppance  
 B. An upset bowl before a straight line  
 C. Where bulls, bears, wolves, and lambs share the limelight  
 D. A charitable word, unless you're in a spelling match  
 E. Montagu William Lowry Corry's baronial cognomen  
 F. How "The Sweethearts on Parade" and Noah's animals marched  
 G. Nothingness (not Keats's)  
 H. Unctuous  
 I. One of the United States of Mexico  
 J. The part played by a great Negro actor  
 K. What you might pay for Babrak Karmal's thoughts  
 L. SOUTH'S INTIMATION ISN'T IN (anagram)

16 209 52 11 89 92 183 218 86  
 20 84 45 175 131 88 165  
 117 26 73 115 103 13 106 128 130 136  
 125 143 192 6 19  
 152 102 108 27 55 79 110 134 60 24  
 85 91  
 158 22 207 215 157 57  
 168 171 161 189 58 195 182 187  
 186 61 166 172 184 112 210 191  
 205 178 173 153  
 99 216 9 32 118 14 70 123 94  
 48 144 23 142 42 169 77 129  
 67 179 199 146 29 95 25  
 30 17 202 119 93 104 81 141 50 167  
 193 200 204 36 111 120 145 101 116  
 147 150 162

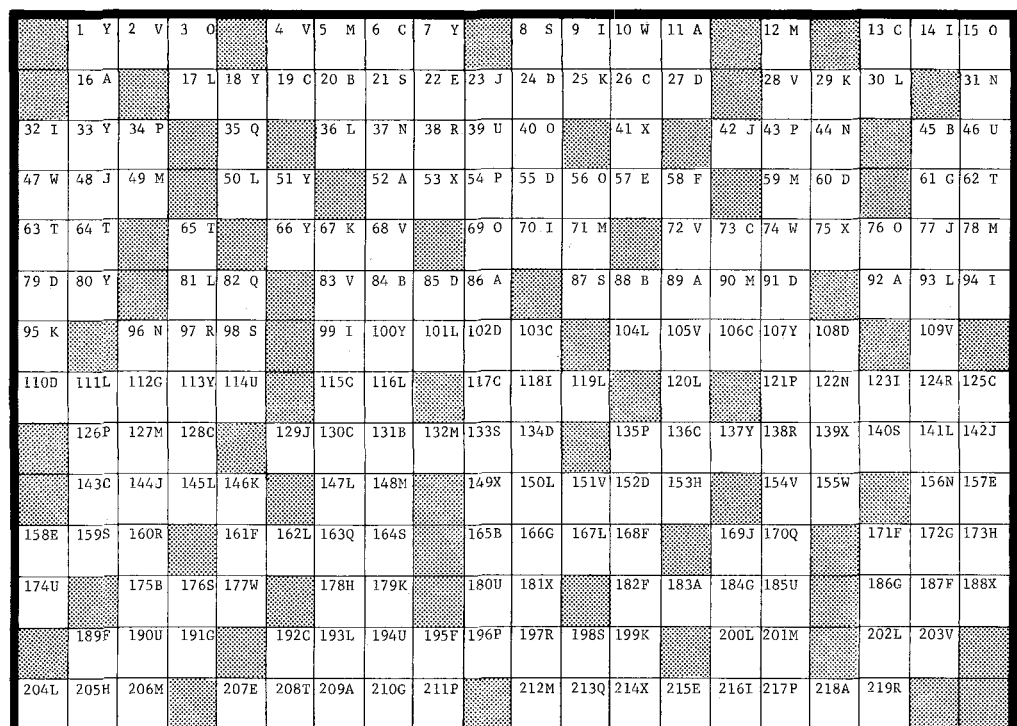
- M. An important highway in our country  
 N. Heap big talk  
 O. Condition  
 P. A town southwest of Bonn  
 Q. A river and a city in Michigan  
 R. To make less burdensome  
 S. What the power company and baseball clubs employ  
 T. Zip code of Danvers, Mass.  
 U. Improbable  
 V. Florenz Ziegfeld's specialty  
 W. What the table in the Army's dining room was  
 X. A gem that ancient Greeks believed prevented intoxication  
 Y. Home of Abzug, Lindsay, and National Review

127 5 12 201 71 132 78 206 212 148  
 90 49 59  
 37 96 31 44 122 156  
 3 15 40 56 69 76  
 54 196 43 217 34 126 135 121 211  
 82 163 35 213 170  
 124 197 219 160 138 38 97  
 176 8 21 133 140 159 164 87 98 198  
 208 65 62 63 64  
 190 39 174 180 114 46 185 194  
 203 2 4 28 83 109 151 68 105 154  
 72  
 10 47 74 155 177  
 41 149 53 181 139 214 75 188  
 51 33 66 7 100 80 107 113 18 1  
 137

## DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 1299 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.



PATTERN

SAFETY MESSAGE

SPARKLE TONE

GREETING

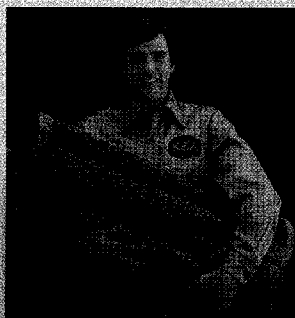
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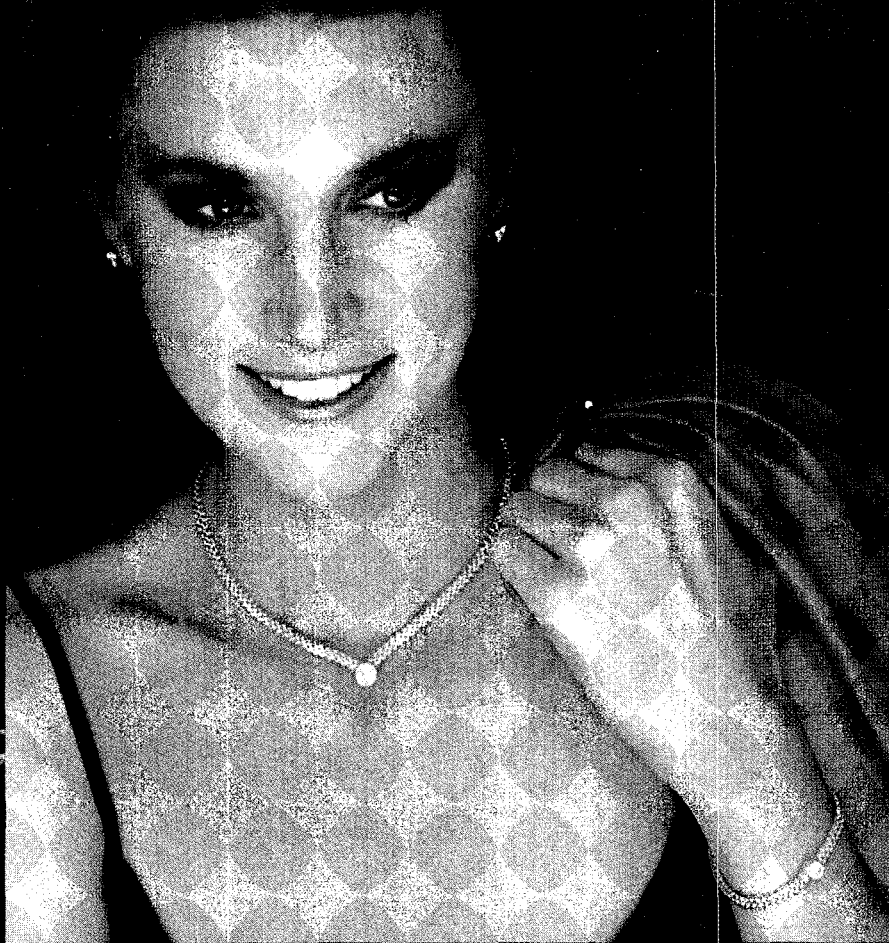
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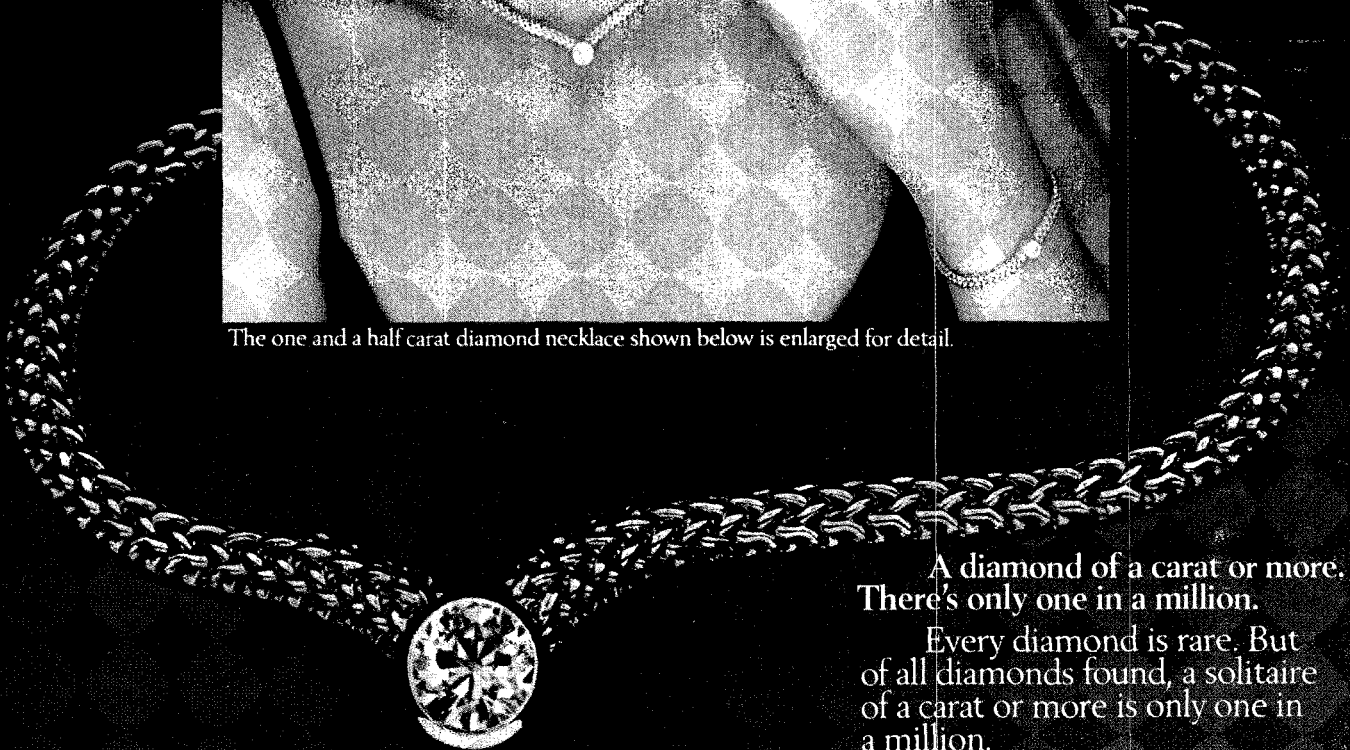
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a million.

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a woman.

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of a carat or more.

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